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Thou Shalt Waken

GEORGE CATHCART BRONSON

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

A LYRIC

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BY

George Cathcart Bronson

(CARL BRONSON)

PUBLISHED BY

THE H. L. WARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

1907

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I dedicate this thought as loving tribute to the
Soul of her in realms of Light, my wife,
Maude Wellings-Bronson.

Upon the altar of our love
We consecrate thy Memory,
Biding our time as doth behoove
Three souls that trust Eternity.

MARIAN.
RUTH.
G. C. B.

671523

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PROLOGUE

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PROLOGUE

Come view with me from this prospective height
The scene that spreads so tranquilly below.

From o'er that wind-swept, skyward slanting rock,
Gaze 'tween the framing arms of yonder spruce;
Behold, upon the valley's bosom, far,
That village nestling in the shade of trees?
'Twas there she lived.
And hark! Hear you not waters chattering?
It is the brook that wakes the lowland's hush
To hear the merry laughter of the schoolward throng.
There to the leftward, follow where I point,
Mark that high promontory that uprears
Below the village and beyond the river's bend?
Upon its apex trace that graying pile?
It is the mission Carmel; and below
Upon the slope is consecrated ground
Wherein are gathered to their last abode
The faithful host.
Adown this bi-walled vale awaft, I hear
The plunge of billows on a craggy shore
Whence seaward gleams by night a watchful beam.

The actors in these unpretentious scenes
I will select from ordinary walks:

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Materials both old and commonplace.
Then, by the trend of circumstance evolve
My plastic creatures into thoughtfulness:
From that rapt moment on they grow alone;
For, once we pause to think, there's nought can stay
The progress of the upaspiring mind.

My pupil is a lad from o'er the seas,
Whose parents, thirsting for the tempting gold,
Gathered their all and pressed across the wild.
They met the fate was common of those days,
And perished in the lonely wilderness.
This frail survivor, yet a growing lad,
Was fathered by the settlers in their way:
His mind unformed as crude, unminted ore,
Absorbed the sterling principles of men
Whose honor was their only claim.

As unsophisticated he, as those
Whose all-absorbing duties fill their days
Too full for deeper thought, yet mischief free;
Such labors as do callous o'er the hands,
Embroaden shoulders and o'ermoist the brow:
He loves the yellow harvest of the field,
While bird songs charm him from the budding bush,
Awaking in his soul a sad refrain,
More subtle than all reasoning or rote.
All week days have a sameness in the town,
Where rising and retiring are routine;
But Sunday comes with sweet refreshing rest,

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Calmed by the hollow clang of village bells.
A sense of new-ironed raiment and the buzz
Of busy conversation permeates,
Contrasting with the long-frocked preacher's mood
That bears an air expressive of his creed.
Fresh blossoms o'er the altar blow their breath,
As passing up the bare and narrow aisle,
We're ushered into some especial pew:
Conspicuous, a table in full view,
Surmounted by a contribution plate,
Dispensed the ushers' services, instead,
Suggesting plainly to the pious host,
That gospel thrives the better on good coin:
Thus, as each brother dropt his chinking tithe,
The preacher groaned proportioned to its weight.
The voluntary choir, like flutt'ring birds,
Can scarce repress their babble while the hymn
Is outdrawled by the pastor, solemnly.
The organiste be-bowed and primpt, and grave,
Because of duties more than commonplace,
Toys with the stops majestically and pumps
In eagerness to launch forth into song.

It were a needless theft of time to name
The varied members and their points of view,
The same types ever seek the same old perch,
And plume their feathers to their vain delight:
Old age doth nap and less attentive youth
Doth writhe and fix its gaze upon the clock.
Within this motly throng, with reverence

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More due to pride than piety, our lad
Sits thru the dreary sermon's length. Recalls
Ere orphaned, the parental calm that beamed
Above him every Sunday morn:
The modest pastor hath fulfilled their place;
A man of more than common worth, who loved
To ply his flock with wholesome thought.
Alas, O valued framer of my youth,
I fear your worthy kind is obsolete!

Now steps a modest Miss upon the scene
Just as we've known her in our callow days.
I'll leave her image for your mind to paint,
As, fair and innocent, with high ideals,
She swept into your youthful dreams.

Each carries in his heart a photograph,
The print of which illumes the retrospect:
Perchance she sitteth by your side in life—
Or only in an haunting memory.
I would awaken, but respectfully
Desist ere your illusions are dispelled:
Persuant of this happy thought I'll let
My readers conjure their affinities.

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PART I.

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PART I

Pass on, O wint'ry blight,
  Pass on with all your grief!
O! let the spring awake,
  Restore the fallen leaf!

O! let the spring awake,
  Let balmy showers call
The violet from sleep;
  Release your chilling thrall!

Return ye singing birds,
  Arouse the slumb'ring grove!
Attune the heart of life
  To melody and love.

The glades bestir with up-awaking spring,
Whose gorgeous, songful pageant moves along
The drear of winter's bleak retiring path.

Cheery! Cheery! Sweet! Sweet!
  Cooing tender words,
Canzonetting, tweet! tweet!
  Happy mating birds.

Tee-lee-ler! Tee-lee-ler!
  On the blooming spray;
In ecstatic twitter,
  Spring has come, they say.

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The mild wind taps the fringing buds,
  And blossoms garland o'er the bough;
The deep-eyed daisy lifts its face,
  The rich glebe mellows to the plow.

The husbandman recounts the yield
That promises from tree and field,
As from his brow he wipes away
The moisture of a toilsome day.

. . . . .

Fields of butter-cups and clover,
  With a poppy here and there;
And a soft breeze bending over
  To inspire the fragrance rare:

O'er a path the kine have traveled,
  Winding slopeward to the glade;
Where a limpid stream, bright graveled,
  Gaily ripples thru the shade.

The sun hath passed the mountains' dark'ning rim,
As twilight falls upon the valley dim.
Aloft, the waking stars lending their glow,
Beam brighter with the night's encircling flow.
Heart-full, he pauses on the steep incline,
Where at his feet the river curves its line.
With arms extended t'ward the silent hills
He calls aloud, while thought ecstatic thrills:
"Somewhere amid this broad expanse of sky
The spirit of my truer self doth fly:

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Somewhere, e'en tho I see or hear it not,
It hovers round the ever sacred grot:
O! would I might receive it here and now,
Soft borne upon the wind to me, the vow:
Turn, gentle Spirit, from thy journey's trend,
Thy loving presence to my longings lend!"

. . . . . .

(Entranced, his heart invites the wistful mood.)

O to be understood!
  Attuned to some true mind;
O to be understood!
  My better self divined.

Alas, O heedless world,
  You have enough your own;
A pilgrim such as I,
  Obscure is and unknown.

O Elysian isles
  Where dwell the hearts that care,
Shall I be understood,
  Within your portals fair?

O to be understood!
  When strife and life are done:
I'd spurn a diadem,
  To be but known by one.

She, straying hillward from the truckled plain,
Reviewing lakes of undulating grain,

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Doth muse along the even' hush of day
Toward the village by the self-same way
That he, our lonely dreamer wends;
So subtly kind fate our fortune bends,
That thus unconsciously each youthful heart
Is pierced by Cupid's ever ready dart.

The silk aristas of the grasses
O'erbend devoutly as she passes;
And the fairest bloss'ming petals ope'
To breathe their sweetest perfumes forth in hope;
Vying each to feel her fingers pressed,
To lift them unto her heaving breast:
So her presence, as she wanders forth,
Lends to the scene its vital worth.

Their glances met from lash to lash;
Desire awoke beneath the flash.

Her voice intoned its soulful art
And found an echo in his heart.

Their fingers touched and swift there flew
A thrill that swept their beings thru.

. . . . . .

It was only the touch of your hand;
But it thrilled me and filled me anew,
With a masterful tenderness deep,
And my heart went out to you.

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It was only a glance from your eyes,
  But I saw in its depth a great light;
And I'm drawn from the shadow of dreams,
  And thinking of you, dear, tonight.

. . . . . .

Now, arm in arm, as childhood may,
  They tread the leafy aisles of shade;
Musing anon beside the brook,
  Where mirrored crowns the leafy glade.

. . . . . .

The mocking-bird, from verdured throne,
Sharp whistles his audacious song.

. . . . . .

As daylight wanes she closer clings,
All trustful of love's guarding wings.

. . . . . .

O precious gift, a woman's trust;
How oft despoiled by wanton lust.

. . . . . .

O, rarest, fairest innocence!
  Guileless and fearless is your joy;
Untainted with tomorrow's dread,
  Unmixed with worry's vain alloy.

. . . . . .

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Homeward. Dark grows the silent cool
As moontide creeps upon the pool.

. . . . . .

I ask of thee the rarest gift
That ever wakened bliss;
My soul I'll hang upon thy lips,
Do they but yield a kiss.

. . . . . .

Good-night! Sleep stills the busy feet,
And silence calms the village street.

. . . . . .

Good-night! We fain would linger on,
But slumber shuts the gates till dawn.

* * * * *

Awake! Awake! cries the morning breeze,
As it stirs amid the slumbering trees;
The leaflets clap,
The birds awake,
From drowsy nap
In dewy brake,
And the sun smiles o'er the hills.

Awake! Awake! sings the brooklet gay,
As it rambles down the pebbly way:
With boist'rous leap
It wakes the streams
From night-fast sleep
To day-bright dreams,
And the heart of nature thrills.

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Awake! Awake! trills the lark on high,
And the echoes wake their faint reply:
The moon pales dim
And melteth away,
'Neath golden glim
Of ardent day;
And the mists fade o'er the west.

. . . . . .

She wakes,
To find her thoughts attuned to his last word,
Unconscious of the song her soul hath heard.
Maturing now, before her lies unfurled
The verdant meadows of a new-found world,
Wherein the blending of that other tone
Perfects the harmony, completes her own.

He wakes,
Alas, as startled from a troubled dream;
Distrustful of the pressure that doth seem
To rest so heavily upon his heart;
Finding it irksome to endure the smart
Of that deep longing to behold once more,
Her whom but once to know, is to adore.

. . . . . .

Let us draw round love's filmy veil awhile,
And leave them each to each, the hours to 'guile.
With pen it were a sacrilege to tell
Of that rapt tenderness that weaves its spell:

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Of wanderings thru fragrant, sheltered nooks—
Of holding hands, and fervent, meaning looks.
Soul rhapsodies that sweep from grave to gay;
Glad meetings and sad partings day to day.
Such golden hours as these speed on so fast
Their little whiles are soon forever past:
Yet thru it all there is an ecstasy—
A sweet foretaste of love's eternity.

O, innocent and rapt desires of youth;
Delicious and distressing severance!

. . . . . .

Hark! 'Tis twilight and I seem to hear
A serenade breeze-wafted near.

"Night's dusky shadows softly fall,
Casting their mantle over all;
The silvery moon wakes from her dream,
And o'er the earth her jewels gleam.
My heart responsive to thine own,
Yearns for thee, and thee alone.
The birdlings sleep within the nest,
Their weary wings have need of rest;
And nestling close they sweetly sleep,
While stars above, their vigils keep.
My sleepless eyes, my longing heart,
Find no repose, save where thou art.
Sleep, my love, sweet thy dreaming,
While the moonlight is streaming

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Thro' thy casement above,
O'er thy pillow, my love.
O ye winds waft my singing
In her dreams softly ringing;
O'er her lips kisses play
That shall linger for aye."

. . . . . .

If I were only a swallow,
I'd pause not a moment to rest,
'Till close by your bloom-clad window
I'd built me a snug little nest.

If I were only a moon-beam,
I'd glow in the waves of your hair;
Rest on your sweet lips a moment,
Impressing my fond kisses there.

Were I a rose in your garden,
I'd sigh to be plucked to your breast;
And there 'neath your glances so tender,
I'd wither contented and blest.

. . . . . .

She hears, and from her breast, a pure white rose
She plucks and kissing, to him then she throws.

He stoops and lifts it from its dewy bed
Unto his lips. Then fond good-night is said.

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Good-night, dearest,
Serenely rest:
I would my pillow
Were thy breast.
What tho the parting harrow,
I'll bid thee sweet good-morrow.

I envy the beams that kiss her hair,
And the favored bloom that nestles there:
I envy the lace that gently rests
Upon her undulating breasts:
I envy the kiss of falling night,
And her glance that greets the morning light:
Were I a song I'd linger near,
Within her dreams, to charm her ear;
Were I the dew the flow'ret sips
I'd fervent melt upon her lips.

Ere from her garden then, this very night,
A full-blown rose he plucks and doth indite
To her these words his lips could not convey:

"O wear this red rose in your hair;
It will exhale love's fragrance rare,
Where e'er thou art:
'Twill neither fade nor lose its glow,
For thru its leaves my blood doth flow;
It is my heart."

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Then, tossing note and rose upon her sill,
He pauseth not upon his way until
Within his cot, immured in pleasant dreams,
The moonlight o'er his slumber streams.

. . . . .

One joyous sunbeam, messenger of morn,
Weary of playing where new buds are born,
Strays listlessly between the tangled vines,
Into the casement where our dove reclines.
In wonderment it gazes on her face
And fain would vanish from the hallowed place;
But curious to pry into her dreams,
A moment lingers and upon her beams.
Then, gathering lustre from her winsome smile,
Dancing within her golden hair the while,
Forgetful of all else, in ecstasy
Presses upon her lips so fervently
That she awaking ope's her eyes to see
What strange commotion breaks her reverie.
Her beauty's radiance unfolding bright,
Doth rob the sunbeam of its wondrous light,
Which envious of her transcendent glow,
Back to the sun with downcast mien doth go.

. . . . . .

Soon as the morning's first duties are done,
She opens the window and there in the sun,
Fast withering, lies the messenger rose,
And the note that is writ in a hand she knows.
She reads and the crimson flows to her face,
As o'er and o'er each word she doth trace.

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Then she smiles and sighs at the verses there,
And fastens the rose-bud red in her hair,
And listens as faintly this song of love
From the dying rose is wafted above.

The night wind said to the dreaming rose:
"I'll sing you a song that I heard,
As I passed a star one calm, clear night;
It lacks but a pulsing word."

The rose-bud heard the magical theme
And it longed to know the rest;
Till it woke one morn in the hallow'd shrine
Of a maiden's love-lorn breast.

"I've found the word," said the dying rose,
"Farewell, dear mate, in the grove;
The theme is the song of sacrifice,
And the pulsing word is love."

'Tween lovers' trysts how slow Time's even pace:
How their thoughts haunt the favored meeting place!
And loitering moments 'twixt them seem an age,
Finding scarce hours devotions to engage.
He, in manhood's brusk, impetuous way:
She, in sighings unnumbered thru the day.
Besides, there is a weighty question, grave,
That soon or late their fortitude must brave:
It is that with her sweet consent he must
Depart, obedient to his newer trust;

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The means provide wherewith to furnish well
A cozy nest wherein they two may dwell.

. . . . . .

Poor thing! She hath this lesson yet to learn:
That love must sacrifice to brighter burn.

As sunshine radiates the shadow'd pool
Her joyous mien illumes his inner life.

. . . . . .

The heading grasses lift their glumous spears,
And with their leafy shields besiege the brakes;
The petals fall from off the growing fruit,
And nesting songsters mark the spring's advance.

. . . . . .

So amiable and of such noble cast,
Such warmth as hers, his heart could ever hold.

. . . . . .

Now as the trysting hour is here,
We soon shall see our twain appear.

Look yonder 'neath that deeply shading larch
Whose limbs, rich verdured, droop in graceful arch.
She sits amid a bower of bloom, and he,
With book in hand, is reading fervently.
Now pausing o'er some thought, he speaks:
"Put by the book! Its precept and its word
Conjoin for those who need be taught to feel!
I'd be thy book, if thou wouldst read of bliss:

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My ev'ry page and chapter hold one thought
That makes each word a flame that grows and glows
Until 'twould fain consume thy gentle gaze.
Turn here thy glance, if thou wouldst read my heart:
Else like a cast-off volume it may die.
The author yearns but to express his soul!
Revert your glances here for true response.
Only in fiction do true lovers seek
Expression other than the subtle spell
That hath a language all its own. My heart
Disdains to be ensalved by lettered words.
Come! Let us wander o'er the shell-star'd sands,
Where Carmel throws to sea its spectral light;
There tune unto the ocean's monotone,
The harmony that we would fain express.
How true it blends into that mighty pulse,
While twilight's interchanging winds convulse
From playful ripple into boisterous wave.
Is there a mist before the glinting stars,
Or doth thy lustre dim my unused sight?
The dusk invites to dreamy vistas wide,
Each impulse as it bounds the roving tide:
As viewless as these deeps my bosom hides
From all save thee, to thee alone confides
The secret of its mastery."

SHE

How sweet in love's own contest to surrend',
Conditioned on the captor's gen'rous terms!

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HE

And when the victor finds himself in chains
So genial that he still remains.

SHE

Alas! why speak of strife where love hath sway?

HE

Behold yon shadow resting on the deep?
It is an islet held in ocean's keep.
Thou art my island, I the pressing sea
Whose loving billows gently circle thee:
Whose tempest held in meek subjection laves
Devotedly the strand that stays its zeal.
Thou grot of beauty, sun and blossom glad,
I long to know the depths thy thoughts conceal,
But my faint ray scarce glances 'neath the waves.

Enisled with thee in some far sea,
With no distracting entity
To guile us from love's reverie,
How blest 'twould be!

There, in enthralling quiet rove,
Wherein whose solitude is wove
The mystic gossamer of love,
The world above!

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There, from an wave encircled height,
Forget the moment's byward flight,
Oblivious of day or night,
In rapture's light.

When firmamental, star-beam'd glows
Glanced brightly over tidal flows,
And moon-beams fell like gentle snows,
We would repose.

The morn we'd scan for ships aroam,
White breasting thru the curving foam,
With no regretful wish for home,
'Neath heaven's dome.

Thus bide until death's phantom ship
Shall signal o'er our final trip,
And o'er the tide our souls shall slip,
Rapt, lip to lip!

Together t'ward the unknown world,
Twined soul in soul and pinions furled,
O'er calm or stressful tempest hurled,
Your soul and mine.

SHE

O'er peaceful night, alas! the parting hour
Creeps all too heavy on my buoyant heart!

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Upon the east a cloud spread-winged for flight,
Awaits to bear the moon across the sea of night:
When from her glowing face earth's shadows lift,
With queenly grace, within her ark she'll drift,
While down the starry rifts will scintillate
Her radiant glances o'er her wide estate.
Throughout her glory beams a wistful ray,
Pursuant ever of fast-fleeting day:
So, thru the glamor of love's regal spell,
My heart transcends with joy our brief farewell;
Inspired to follow as yon royal moon,
Thy beam that shall return to me ere-soon.

HE

Unlike the moon, thy suit is not in vain;
And tho I may depart, I shall return again.

SHE

Alas! dread absence and adversity!
Must we yet taste your bitter draught?

HE

Absence! What doleful memories of grief
Cling round thy shrine: O Time's unerring thief!
Thou steal'st the richest moments from our days,
Divert'st the paths of life in varied ways
That lead us off in vain, alluring quest,
Waking within thy court a saddened guest.

SHE

Misfortune is oft fortune in disguise.

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HE

I'll cast my lot with thine and be it well
Or ill, 'twere blest while you were by my side.
Alas!
If absence were a test I soon must try
The moorings of my love's security:
And 'neath the city's vice alluring glow,
Or in the shadow of adversity,
Must lay the cornerstone of life.
Fear not that I shall falter in the fray:
These arms are strong but to encircle thee:
These eyes shall not be led save by thy light:
This breast respond but to o'er-read thy words:
This mind exalt but to reflect thine own.
O Time, unravel quickly in your flight!
I long to set the keystone of the arch
That joins our fates in perfect unity.

. . . . . .

Alas, why must I thrust the painful dart
And now recall that these so soon must part,
E'en for a while: I would it were not so,
But that life is uncertain we do know.
So, standing by the rustic garden gate,
We'll view their parting, for the hour is late:
Now all their plans thru smiles and tears are laid:
He, brave in manly love. She, gentle maid,
Intuitive of what the days foretell,
Is loath to leave him in this first farewell.

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The moon withdraws her light, O faithless ray,
And two dim shadows silent fade away.

Have you ever walked at twilight
When all nature was aglow,
And beheld the somber high-light
That the setting sun did throw?

Have you ever viewed the ocean
From an high and rock-bound shore,
And not felt a new emotion
That you ne'er had felt before?

Have you ever thought of parting
As the ships their paths divide,
And not felt the tears a-starting
For a soul that's left your side?

. . . . . .

Drifting afar, beyond perceptive view,
A sail descendeth o'er the ocean's rim—
Where sky and sea conjoin; can we discern
O'er which expanse its course directs?

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PART II.

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PART II

Picture mentally a cloister,
Far removed from traffic's boister;
In a world-forgot seclusion,
Where may press no cloy intrusion:

On a grassy hillock mounding,
Gray adobe walls surrounding,
Stands the mission, silent, lonely,
Roused by winds and billows only,
That grow boisterous on the beaches,
When the storm far inland reaches.

Quaint this Mexic' architecture
Of a homely imperfecture:
Crude, but picturesquely seeming,
Unawakened, all a-dreaming.

Thru a doorway, scarcely arching,
Stream the pilgrims, meekly marching;
Kneeling oft in salutation,
Vowing o'er the font's libation.

In the rude pavilion, nighted,
From low windows dimly lighted,
Spectras from the sun are beaming
Thru the great star-window streaming.

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Candles lift their auras yellow,
Casting shadows deep and mellow,
Clustering round the sacred altar,
Where the penitential falter.

Bells announce each holy station
In the service' intonation,
While responsively replying,
Wafts sweet music, softly sighing.

From the cloistered court descending,
Steps fall to a garden, wending
Where, amid a fountain spraying,
Gaily the bright sun is playing.

Paths wind under arbored bower,
Where the grape vine hangs its flower:
In odd groups strange blossoms massing,
Charm the eye their borders passing.

Wending on we view a valley
Verdant, where the streamlets dally,
And green cotton-woods o'er-bending,
Mark the river's seaward wending.

Slopeward 'neath low cypress showing,
Spectral shafts of granite glowing,
Waken memories in keeping
With the dust beneath them sleeping.

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Near the curving bay abiding
Is a peaceful village hiding,
Whose gray smoke blends with the billows,
Where the sea-mist whitely pillows.

Eastward, sombre mountains merging,
With the azure sky converging,
Their long shadows seaward throwing,
Where the heaving tides are flowing.

Restfulness this scene surrounding,
No disturbing thought confounding;
'Tis a calm for meditation,
Far removed from rude negation.

. . . . . .

Moving with weary tread o'er yonder height,
A band of holy friars, from pilgrimage,
Toils pray'rfully toward Carmellos' halls,
Chanting their benisons devotedly,
While vespers sounds from out the cloistered walls.
With flaming brand and scourging of the breast
A bent and limping figure presses thru the host
And kneeling in the shadow of his saint,
Uplifts his ringing voice unto his God.

Who is this wondrous being, radiant,
With love-illumined countenance?
It is the noble padre, Serra, who,
With loving sacrifice hath chained the hearts
Of all the wild, unlettered host.

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Sound thou, the bell! In gladsome welcome ring!
Greet thou the pilgrim o'er his weary march.

. . . . . .

The monastery bells chime solemnly
As each doth cast his staff away and pause
With heaven fronding hands beneath the cross,
To ask a blessing on his last abode,
Wherein whose silent walls doth peace abide.
(Virgo Maria,
O gentle queen,
Our consolation,
Mother serene.)

Removed from follies temporal and vain,
Old age here shrinks from callow revelry.
(Thy wayward children
Cry unto thee,
Wailing and weeping,
In pity see.)

Here wait the summons of the Priest of priests,
Enshrined within this holy sepulchre.
(Salve Regina,
Direct our fate,
Virgo Maria,
Sweet advocate.)

Now from out the cloister swells the song,
The deep-toned organ and the singing throng.

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O God Almighty!
  Thy children despise not;
Affliction assails,
  Thy goodness disguise not:
Unto Thy glory,
  Forgive our transgressions;
Deliver from woe,
  Hear humble confessions.

"Dominus det nobis suam pacem!"

(Here in Thy Dwelling
  Thy spirit attend us;
In adoration,
  Christ's virtue defend us.)

"Dei genitrix, intercede pronobis!"

Amen!

. . . . .

In the cloister's judgment chamber,
'Neath the torch's flickering amber,
Deep'ning, mystic shadows tremble
As the hooded monks assemble.

Incense from the censers flowing,
Round their pungent vapors blowing,
Slowly thru the air shafts sifting.
Distant sounds of music drifting
From above in waves disbursing,
There are choristers rehearsing.

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Grouped about in converse varied,
Monks have curiously tarried:
Some in heated argument
Speak out in tones irreverent;
Others more devout intoning
O'er their beads, their Aves moaning.

. . . . . .

Within his dungeon lone awaits
The culprit, and he contemplates
Thru a rift the graying heaven,
As night pales the gold of even'.

. . . . . .

In his high cathedra waiting,
O'er the charges meditating,
Sits the judging Padre, holy:
As they pass the monks bend lowly.

. . . . . .

The curse prepared with book and bell,
Three lighted candles flick'ring tell
Of excommunication's rite,
Unless repentence meet, respite.

As nearing footsteps measured fall,
A breathless hush o'ersweeps the hall:
A creaking door is opened wide,
And led, with guards on either side,
A priest accused of heresy,
Beshorn the robes of prophecy,

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Steps calmly and with steady pace
Unto the trial's allotted place.
His soulful eyes survey the scene,
A smile o'ersweeps his glance serene,
As from the lights' unsteady leer
A host of earnest faces peer.
Upon his slender, pallid face,
A heart-deep woe hath left its trace:
His unbent form betokens strength,
Tho' age hath left its mark at length
Upon his brow and splendid head
Where crowns a mass of silvery thread.
With arms enfolded o'er his breast
He waits with growing interest
The padre's solemn voice.

PADRE

Brothers, we have assembled here to try
One of our host, beloved, whose ripe age
Fulfilled with thoughtful generosity,
Commends our deep regard.
From bias free and unimpassioned we
Must pass upon his guilt or innocence.

Good judgment is unto itself a law:
For and Against are ever pledged to strife,
With Right or Wrong on either side;
'Till Reason's intercession bids for peace.

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Most envied of all gifts the pow'rs bestow,
Most prized of all endowments is good sense,
Whose sweet serenity and steadfast poise
Doth balance in its grasp the steels of might.

Accused, stand forth, where I may view anear
Thy well beloved countenance:
My eyes, no longer youthful, see not well;
Tho' thou hast nearly run thy years, I am
Thine elder by at least a score.

[stress
These steadfast walls that have withstood Time's
Were fashioned by these now enfeebled hands.
When long ago, I stood on yonder height
And gazed adown this then unfertile vale,
I chose this site and with my loyal host
Matured this now most beauteous spot.
The vine, the fig and olive we did plant:
The sward where poppies lift their golden cups,
We nurtured from the river's ample flow.
Then settlers came, and lo, yon village sprung
From shifting alkali to em'rald shade.
Here, all that's mortal of that faithful host
Sleeps in the hush of yonder slope, while I
Alone remain to number them.
This reminescent mood, it is but meet,
Rebuke all thought of vain discordant strife:
Let no harsh word disturb their peaceful rest.
My brother, it is claimed
That you, too zealously, have taken part

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In vague discussions which do not accord
With that strict orthodoxy of our vows;
And from opinions, all too free expressed,
Have misconstrued the concepts of our creed.
Night wanderings, mysterious, have oft
The quiet of thy brothers' rest disturbed;
And when questioned as to what disorder
Had befogged thy wits, didst answer not,
Or worse, didst mock at thine inquisitors.

PRIEST

Most worthy father, venerable, just,
I do deny misconduct thru intent;
But that I differ somewhat in my views
From those accepted of our faith, I do confess:
I have searched deeply for elusive Truth
And syllogized inductively until
The night to lucent day hath merged:
I have absented from devotionals,
Not thru a disregard, but studious,
Could not withdraw the fixture of my thought.
Oft I have paced the thoughtful watch and seen
A shore-light gleam from out the mists ahead;
Or plucked from out the ocean of unrest
The fruitful twig of rich discovery:
Oft in the nocturn of the winds, a voice
Hath whispered to my undetermined sails
And I have grasped the helm with surer faith,
And held my course against the surge of doubt.

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PADRE

It were not wisdom to o'erreach
In striving for the heavenly breach:
The mind defaults just on the edge
Wherein we place the entering wedge.
Reason hath its limitation—
Past that sweeps imagination:
Imagination given sway
Doth smudge the beam of truth away:
Take truth from our deductions and
We've lost the spirit's golden strand:
Live in harmony with the best,
Aspire and trust God for the rest.

PRIEST

From out the tangle of inwoven creeds,
Reflecting in an hyalescent glow,
I seem to sense an undiscovered pow'r
That promises dominion over this,
The corporeal, non-immortal part.
Jesus hath said:
"Let him that seeketh cease not from his search
Until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder."

PADRE

When all is written, thought and said,
Our philosophy doth slip a thread;
And tangled in the weaver's rack,
We find that we have woven back:

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Hub centered, as within the wheel,
The goal lies just beyond our feel.

PRIEST

"With wondering ye shall reach the kingdom:"
Life is circuitous. From primal start
It weaves its endlessness around the soul.
Creation moves in cycles of circles:
Mind may not pause nor seek a shorter way;
All must move with the soul's advance.
Misguided motion soon destroys itself,
For error is the seed of death:
Chance is a false, misleading light.
This little sphere I hold within my hand
Is like a soul dissevered from its God.
Involuntary of its own impulse
I toss the pebble in the buoyant air:
It falls to earth! Why doth it not remain
Steadfastly as our whirling orb?
Because my hand, the motive pow'r, withdrawn,
Permits attraction to reclaim its own:
Thus, did the Master hand of All withdraw
Its motive from the starry universe,
'Twould scatter into dusty nothingness.
Gravitation's an inexplicit word
Out-coined from cause. What then is cause but will,
As will is but the beaming of a wish
From out the Master MIND:
I gravitate as thou and as the star;
Having cause, insensed by the Master Will.

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Why should I prove less constant than the sphere
Whose superior I am, dissevering
From the Almighty cause?
Superstition is a vague foresense of
The incorporeality of soul,
And is significant of eternal life.
Limited understanding is the blind
That makes what IS incomprehensible.
Space is limitless until mind grasps it.
Phantasmas of notional words conspire
To make us undetermined of our course:
Shall mind be awed by arbitrary words
And humbly bow to insignificance?
Every mystery invites the mind,
Thru vistas of awe, unto extension:
Man is discovering his pre-estate;
Nature is subsiding. Soul is aroused!
The mountains crumble 'neath the tread of years:
The vallies overflow, the forests melt:
The streams grow muddy with devouring wash,
And tempests unabating fret the seas.

Think you
That I can lull my Spirit to repose
When triumph brightens o'er the sky of doubt,
When flashings blazon from the eye of Truth;
When words, whose blighting follies have deceived
With ills and sorrows, God's true image, man,
Are melting into error, meaningless?
To me this is a most impressive hour,
With whose outreaching tide I must expand:

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If this be cause for punishment, proceed;
My soul, thy mortal laws, hath far outwinged!
Truth is but part conveyed within the word:
'Tis what the word awakens in the man.
Let ev'ry word of God's great book be lost,
Disbursed to alphabetic senselessness:
Let history and all tradition fail,
And yesterday be blotted from the mind:
In that chaotic dawn I still would hear
The exclamations of the inner voice,
And I would choose from out the scattered font
Enough to frame the inward faith I feel.
Christ would still whisper of abiding peace,
Though I had never heard his story told.
Words are vague masks of what they seem to mean;
The which existed ere a word was coined.
A dictionary is a harmless toy
Until our wordy structures make obscure
By doubtful reasoning, the Truth.

Ah, when one flash of consciousness assails,
Our whole negation crumbles structureless!
Physics may mould the argumentive clay,
But God must breathe the leaven in.

"And when he reaches the Kingdom, he shall find rest."
The glory for the truth but seldom falls
Upon the tireless, steadfast delver's head,
Who to his unresponsive eon sings,
Survives the scorn and sighs unto the winds.

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Where are ye, earnest souls, that gathered round
The singers of your time and from their depths
Drew forth immortal lays?
Where the enquiring listeners, devout,
Who longed to hear and hearing, thought and felt?
Such were the inspirationers of song—
The great incentives to aspire, attain!
Alas for one such as some stellar mind
Hath drawn about its fascinating flame!
The one-ly-ness of being nought and yet
Of thinking and of feeling mighty truths,
Is like unto that unresponsive hush
That falleth o'er the quiet desert sands,
Where ev'ry forward step doth leave its print
Of loneliness and barren gain.

PADRE

I find no grave offense in thy research:
But it is further charged you have denied
Infallibility.

PRIEST

Not with irreverence: But I have marked,
"How weak and vain a thing is man:"
We rear our thrones and elevate our kings,
And worship at their holy shrines:
Alas!
He of the vast, innumerable host
Declares and lo, earth's glories fade away,
And we forsake our toys and follow Him.

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Man's days are as the grass,
  As flowers of the field;
He flourisheth awhile,
  Then unto dust must yield.

The wind it passeth o'er,
  His deeds are all forgot;
There is an eye that marks—
  His God forgetteth not.

The conflict is between prophet and priest;
Ministers of intuition and sense:
Spirit and material—
The perfect-real and imperfect-unreal.
There is no middle ground of true or false,
Mere sense prefers that which we see and touch,
But sight and touch are mere environment.
Man hath the organism of the gnat,
The possibilities of God within:
A prophet or an insect as he wills.
Environment doth hypnotize the weak,
Who blindly follow, while the stronger seek.
The sturdy mind counts its surroundings nil,
And shapes the circumstances to the Will.
Condition is created by desire
Effecting that to which we most aspire.
Greatness is individuality,
And personality's the God within.
Your man hath pow'r without authority.

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PADRE

Perfection is measured by harmony
And unity of purpose is our strength:
Digressions of the individual
Disturb the tranquil waters of the whole,
Which can, with meek concessions, recompose.
Our compact must maintain inviolate.
Contumacy doth constitute offense
Against the letter of our covenant.
Therefore,
I must expell thee, indeterminate:
Dependent on your calmer reasoning.
Until such time, it is our law's decree
That you shall, as our sexton, serve the dead;
And must not look upon a living brother's face
On pain of death.
The spade, the rake and trowl, your implements
Wherewith to fill and clear and seal each grave,
And when it comes at last your time to die
You cannot rest among the sanctified,
But separate, alone, your grave unmarked.
Forget not what your fate must be, repent!
This skull be thy companion; mark it well!
A sorry narrative it could unfold.
Reflect upon the time that bone did glow
With thy desire to delve and know:
Behold its futile emptiness—
Hath ought of knowledge left impress?
Its hollowness is likened to
The vanities thou dost pursue.

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Beware the goblet of desire!
Its draught consumes with quenchless fire.
It will thy zeal to languor lull,
If thou but contemplate this skull
Whose former occupant, like thee,
Was misled into heresy.
Farewell, it grieves me, but the law
Is merciless!

PRIEST

(*Taking Skull.*)

(Thou shunn'd, affrighting sphere of bone,
We shall be friends, for thou dost own
A spirit more than mortal, fair,
That dwelleth in the viewless air.
On thy kind features I can trace
More gentleness than oft doth grace
The aspect of our brotherhood:
Ah, from thy strangely hollow eyes
I sense the glance of rapt surprise
That met, in thy uncertain night,
The everlasting flood of light:
I view not emptiness, but pure
And yearning looks that still endure:
I sense thy lips warm in the glow
Of living spirit in its flow:
I feel the moisture of thy breath
And know thou hast not met with death.
They think to mock me with thy fate,
Thou who hast found thy true estate!

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O spirit of departed, hear!
I fain would have thee hover near.)

Most pious judge,
As you have found me guilty,
Let my sentence now commence:
The judgment scales of God weigh right,
The finite and the infinite;
Man vainly tips the evened pole
And passes judgment on the soul:

Is not his righteousness sustained
By that All-seeing, unexplained?
With varied creeds we overlay
Our paths with drift and lose the way:
All we are brothers in a common strife,
Whose object is eternal life.
I much prefer the unblazed trail
That leads me guessing thru the vale,
Where some surprise enchants each turn;
A song, a brook, a flow'r or fern.

Ye stars that gild so small a place
Within the sky's unfathomed space,
How my winged soul aspires to you,
Bright pilots of eternity.
What message do ye signal o'er?
Gleamest of souls have gone before?
Or, are your searchlights ever trained
Upon some longing unattained?

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O, I could compass many score
Of such as ye, bright heav'nly lore,
Within this spacious breast of mine
Wherein your combined light, divine,
Would pale beneath the lucent glow
Of my lit soul and never show.

Thou art not merely for our joy,
Nor yet to glimmer and destroy.
O, since I've grasped this newer thought
And glimpsed into the goal I've sought,
I've sensed a deeper aim than gain,
And felt a joy transcending pain:
Ecstatic past all common ken,
Beyond the rich device of pen.

O judge,
Speed o'er your sentence now I pray,
It but concerns insensate clay;
Which being nought and all unreal
Hath not the pow'r to know and feel.

. . . . . .

The judgment book is folded tight,
The candles three bereft of light:
The bell-man pulls the swaying rope,
That echoes o'er surviving hope.

Then with that same unfailing love,
This last farewell he bids to each:

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"I'll gather ye all on the harvest day,
As the leaves are swept from the tree away;
And ye shall praise my loving care,
When ye awake in realms most fair."

. . . . . .

The monks have turned their backs on him
As slowly down the passage dim
He wends unto the outer door:
One ling'ring glance, then never more
Will he look on the faces there
'Till death hath passed them to his care.

His brow illumed by that rapt spell
Of sweet forgiveness, doth impell
The monks to tell their beads with vim;
And some must needs glance after him.

A flood of glancing harmony ascends,
As solemn voices chant the vesper hymn.

. . . . .

Divinest of mysteries, sweet music,
How lightly thou dost lift all care!
With this sweet music inly heard, I need
No subtle technic to express my soul;
No practiced art to breathe forth ecstacies;
But modulated to delicious thought,
Celestial harmonies pour forth at will.

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Freed from the stifling walls of stone
Beneath the moon he walks alone;
The glowing regions lend a star
That sweeps across the night afar
To meet his soul, and they fare on,
Companioned 'till the wake of dawn.

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PART III.

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PART III

A frugal meanwhile brings its just reward,
And hastens on our twain's rapt wedding day.

. . . . .

With pen 'twere vain to picture you the joy
Of this rapt moment, if you have not wed.

. . . . .

O mystic vow that binds two loving souls
Into one perfect harmony, or hurls
Them from the heights to abject misery.

. . . . .

Fair! by all that makes a woman fair,
So fair is she.
Dear! by all that makes a woman dear,
So dear to me.
Nursed on a noble mother's breast,
With all her tend'rest graces blest,
Beneath a father's watchful eye,
Her purity.

Kind and patient, ever thoughtful she,
Unknown to strife;
True as only woman's heart can be,
My joy, my life.
My consolation night and day,
My guardian through life's troubl'd way,
The inspiration of my dreams—
My loving wife.

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With reverential mien approach this gate.
It opens to the haven of content,
The bourne of ev'ry heav'nly attribute.
Herein the fadeless vine of Life doth yield
Delicious fruits to those who will partake.
Herein is cast to our design the future's hopes;
The betterment or curse of human kind.
Tho 'tis assailed at ev'ry port it stands
Unshattered save where trust gives o'er to doubt—
In Faith it lifts its domes to deathless suns.

If thus ye feel, approach, thou hast the key—
Else shun it for some commonplace estate.

There is an inner life no spirit may
Intrude upon.
The sanctum of this inner, secret life,
This sacred portal of our beings' own,
Opens to Love and God alone:
Here understanding lifts the veil and reads,
Drawing sweet music from a lyre of Truth.

. . . . .

When we assume the duties of a home,
We must feel equal to maintain its thrift.
Not lavishly, but well within our means:
Some small amount put by for morrow's need.
Unless thou'rt blest beyond the average man,
Thou can'st count no assistance from near kin.
Alone thou standst on thy uncertain craft

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To founder or to sail successfully.
'Tis better so. Let each his own provide
But look to 't that no other take the helm:
Be captain, compass, steersman all in one;
And if a mutineer appears aboard,
Act quickly and suspend him to the yard.
The welfare of your ship demands accord:
The more so when dread storms affret the seas.

. . . . .

What need of books if we could read the heart?
How our deep longings, so indefinite
Before the welding of two souls in one,
Learn their requital in love's rapt response;
And, as we drink the nectar deep, our joy
Expands unto the full of Life's desire.

O joy that by its violence resembles pain
And forges each to each thru life or death!
O rapt voluptuousness! essence divine;
Lending to feeling, soul; to seeing, Heav'n!

O happiness! I have not passed you by;
Have I not recognized and held you fast?

How can we mortify the flesh when form
Reflects the Master in each graceful curve?
Containing in its mold the plan of worlds,
And in its thought, the All-Creating Pow'r.

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Here modesty reveals and beauty glows
Or vulgars into commonplace.

The dazzling words of courtship come to naught,
Or find in deed and action their desire.
All affectation unto love unmasks,
As pretense blushes in the light of Truth.

We must take unto self another's thought,
Feeling their feelings as we feel our own.

Mere outward feeling is ebullient foam
Whose effervescence is at heart unrest;
And whose expiring throb leaves no consoling thought.
We are as noble as our love.

. . . . .

Marriage is but an holy slavery
Approved by laws that do not lend one jot
Unto the happiness that we have sought:
We bind ourselves to misery or joy,
According to our grasp of its estate.

. . . . .

The eternal unfitness of some minds
Is blamable for love's delinquencies.
We should look into and discern how vague
Our little sphere of worldly happiness.
Life should be fashioned on some nobler plan,
Above the candle glow of passion's flame,

Digitized by Google

Where love is but the fundamental base,
Whose dome, the Soul, aspires beyond the mist.

. . . . .

The arts should be a means unto one end;
Love's divine personification.
How fruitless all our mighty efforts flow'r,
Unless our aim transcends the fleeting hour.
At most, we scarcely touch the goblet's rim,
Our thirsting lips but sip deific life;
Our all too frenzied passion breaks the spell;
The ultimate forever lifts away;
The while we reach up and forever up.
O'ergrasping in enthusiastic zeal,
Self-interest destroys our harmony:
The gen'rous impulse is our only hope.

. . . . .

The thing possessed, complete and actual,
The having, holding, incontestably,
Doth seem to retroact, thru confidence,
Into a state of calm, quiescent faith:
Until that self-regard, love oftimes wakes,
Exclusive for its interests, invites
A misery far deeper than all else.

No trouble to be true to that sweet force
That calleth out our Spirit's best.

Exhilarant, her joyous merriment
Charms all who meet its effervescent flow.

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I'm a two edged blade that cleaves the wielder's breast;
I am an instrument of peace-destroying might;
I am the urgent impulse of unstaid desire;
And am an evil serpent, conscienceless and cold—
The bane of life; the blight of love; the prod of hate;
The false concealed beneath the kindly mask of good;
The hand that reaches to destroy in wanton crime.
I am Despair and Envy, and Faith's enemy;
I am the grave, and Death and I are of one thought;
I am my own destroyer and the why of God:
I am unseen, for I—the egoist—am Self!

. . . . .

Heed not those who, diseased with silly wits,
Pretend great mental heights, but live them not.

The status of some minds is so supine,
They are mere avenues for what they read,
Which, passing off, leaves no impression there
Though they are puffed by what they've not retained:
These are but insulators to the wire
Whose message hath sped home to those who feel.
Thoughts are feelings, and words are hawks or doves.

. . . . .

Hast thou a heart? Fear not to tell.
Hast thou a love? O blessed spell!
Cherish it day and night,
Nor let indifference blight;
Love suffers change.

Digitized by Google

Hast thou a rose? Enjoy it, too,
While fragrant with the morning dew.
Life's midday sun may burn,
Rose-leaves to ashes turn;
All fair must fade.

If thou wouldst keep thy golden treasure,
Thou canst not leave it at they pleasure,
Lest some poor famished heart
Steal it from thee and depart:
'Tis lost forever.

. . . . .

Love must have practice in the art
Of holding steadfastly the heart.
Each day to harmony the mind
Must give itself, if it would find
The perfectness that we desire:
To live our love is to aspire.

. . . . .

She is as joyous as a sun-lit brook
Wherein no melancholy shadows look.
He is of meditative turn of mind,
Reverting constantly from grave to gay.

. . . . .

Learned in our duties each to each;
Wise in the freedom of each mind;
Ruled by a great unselfish love—
Herein alone may wedlock bind.

Digitized by Google

Conscious that Life forever Is;
That we but start upon its way
Bless'd to be one with some dear soul;
Thankful for fellowship today.

. . . . .

The rapt desire to be at-one with Good
Inspires us to take unto us in Love;
Thus marriage is a self-absolving state,
Wherein two souls become one perfect whole:
Dualities are ever poised apart,
And cannot blend else all would be at-one.

. . . . .

'Tis immature and restless youth that seeks
It knows not what, and palpitates to scale
The heights to which none but a god may rise;
That cannot wait, but plunges into Life
Before it knows itself: Before appears
The bright penumbra'd star of True desire.

. . . . .

Matter's the gate of Life; Love is the way.
There is perfection somewhere, if not here;
Be patient, Soul! Mark not the passing year;
Time cannot compass Life, for Life is All.
Years are but echoes of the upward call,
And each a little nearer brings the day.

. . . . .

'Twere better far to live in dreams,
If waking is unreal;
'Twere better we had never loved,
If love no depth reveal.

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That inner Life we fail to find,
  Is where all blessings lie;
The lack of which makes life amiss,
  And bids contentment die.

. . . . .

To live in hourly contact with a soul
Irradiant and warm with gentleness;
To feel yourself the center of a mind—
The very impulse of a pulsing life;
To gaze upon it and caress its bloom,
The while your being thrills thus to possess—
This is the total of all happiness.

. . . . .

I've found my soul, dear heart, at last—
Not in the air, the sea, the sky,
Nor in the wind's sweet lullaby;
Not in the gems of Nature's crown,
Nor in the hills' majestic frown;
Nor yet in music's magic spell,
Where inspirations love to dwell.
'Twas in your love-lit, beaming eyes,
That I first glimpsed my paradise:
Pure as the dew that pearls the vine,
Thy loving spirit came to mine.
As starlings plucked from azure skies,
I found my soul in your dear eyes:
Since thou art mine, O gift divine,
Thou art my soul and I am thine!

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If you love me, say you love me;
  Keep me not in doubt.
You must show it, so I know it,
  With a trust devout.

Are you lover, act the lover;
  Rest not on the vow;
Daily live it, freely give it,
  In the golden now.

. . . . .

As Memnon's harp-sounds chime on morning's breeze,
As carols the wild thrush sweet melodies,
As babbles the gay brook upon its way,
So thrills with Her sweet voice the livelong day.

. . . . .

Her fingers skill'd in music's touch,
Draw from the keys sweet harmonies;
While I, in restful gloaming listen rapt.

. . . . .

Ah, that all might be so divinely tuned
That each might charm the other to the quick,
Having no impulse, thought or mood apart,
Creating heaven in each other's breasts—
Such is our hourly, daily, happiness.

. . . . .

O, Understanding! most exquisite state,
Wherein each senses but sublimest trust,

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Making each mood a sphere of freedom, where
No jarring dissonant rudely intrudes.

. . . . .

To be exalted in a love like this
Is to have felt that we are made for gods
Whose kingdom lies within the bosom's sphere.

* * * * *

How lightly flit the full and joyful days;
Alas! sweet peace doth seem to bring adown
Upon its tide unsought, calamity.

Upon this hearth of love and pure content,
As darting from a sky serenely clear,
A malady of dread, resistless power,
Casts blight upon its dearest life.
O, Sacrifice! why gather thou the good?
Why martyr unto death earth's needed best?

Now starts the mad, uncertain search for health,
And trustfully she speeds to sunny climes,
Braced by the fond farewells of loving friends,
But conscious of a desolated home,
Where, in whose vacant hours repines a heart
That in the twilight ponders o'er the stress
With grave forebodings of calamity.

What means this sudden shift from perfectness?
Why may not life continue in the True?

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O, were but love proof 'gainst the parting,
  Attracted thus, why must we sever?
Why, when once transfused, must we be twain?
  Why not at-one, live on forever?

. . . . .

Bravest hearts are those that faint at parting,
  Or quail when sorrow's scars recall;
Bravest lips are those that meeting quiver,
  Whose words, through pain, inaudent fall.

Bravest eyes that close when vain their seeing,
  Whose tears have seared the cheek of grief;
Bravest who have stood upon the threshold,
  And fearful, knelt a moment brief.

. . . . .

In his strong arms, close pressed against his heart;
Upgath'ring strength, he murmurs as they part:

"Stronger than life and more than death,
  Our love will brave these days of stress;
These sullen seas shall in a breath,
  Be swept by gales of happiness.

"Be brave for both our sakes, dear heart;
  Bear firmly through the parting's pain;
These tides that drift us now apart,
  Will waft you to my arms again."

. . . . .

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It is a woman's weakness to confide
Her inmost thoughts unto some trusted friend;
These thoughts that should remain within, are oft
The avenues of perfidy.

Guard well your romance lest unwittingly
Ye let some meddler in to mar its theme.

Love letters have a privacy that none
May pry into, except the favored one:
See how he treasures her's from vulgar eyes,
While she with his straight to seclusion flies,
And reads most fervently the lines between;
Knows what all marks and underscorings mean.

. . . . .

This trusted friend and counselor is by,
To whisper vague misgivings in the ear
Of her who is at peace at heart, and craves
But to be well restored unto her own.

Ah! why do we lack courage to dismiss
The voice of too apparent selfishness?

. . . . .

Loved ones forbear and leave the ill with those
That are at one with them in harmony—
Many the ways devotion may be shown,
But force not on the ill, aggressive love.

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Man is so subtley attuned that all
Of his digressions are discordant acts
Against the perfect harmony of health,
Conscience, community, success and life.
Crime is an act against the laws of state,
While error doth transgress the Master's law.
Right is the superconsciousness that Is,
The very fact of Being, and the which,
Wrong is an act of felony against.
The mind may not review its own misdeeds,
But Spirit is the uncondoning judge
That cannot be appeased by argument;
And soon or late the penalty must fall.
Christly intuition is infallibly
The voice to which we should lend earnest ear.
Grace is too free for us to prize as yet;
Our vanity prefers the costly dross
That bringeth wanton suffering.

. . . . .

May those who set a watch upon our ways
Be not inspired by their own weaknesses:
The mighty temblor that upheaves is doubt,
And selfishness the great internal blast:
But trust me and I cannot do but right;
Set my esteem so high I dare not fall.

. . . . .

'Tis not the easy going thought that cures,
That patiently all suffering endures;
It is the up-awaking of the will,
That, unsubmissive, driveth out the ill;

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Reviving thru the meek, subservient flesh,
A new impulse that mends the broken mesh.
Nerves are the agents of creative mind,
Yielding the messages by thought designed;
Will must be vigorously pressed to aid,
Ere Truth responds and a new life is laid.

By conquering the little ills we gain
A mastery that stays the fell disease
That uncontrolled, may speed untimely death.
With our new metaphysics we do cling
Unto this body to a wrong degree;
Until tired reason, weary of the strife,
All mind, all nerve-tensed to the last,
Lends death an agony unnatural.
There comes a time when we at last must say,
"Thy will be done," and fare the Spirit's way—
A time when all resistance is but love of life
Wrongly identified with earthly things.
Our greatest lessons are, to learn that Life
Is indestructible and Time is naught.
"If death release your life He will receive your soul."
We do not hear always the cross of pain,
But finally, in our last flight from earth,
We are distressed of body by great ills
Commensurate to the soul's withdrawing—
Such as the pains that mark our hither birth:
Thus, not in any manner less than He,
Did Christ instruct we should surrend at last.

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He who can stand before misfortune and
With heedlessness assign his brother's woe
To some dark error of misguided faith,
Hath grown to heartlessness and not to Christ.
We must remember that however strong,
The grave will welcome this poor husk at last;
However wise, however true, some time
We must cross o'er the great dividing gulf.
Beware lest mental poise be heedlessness!
Beware lest fearlessness be heartlessness!
Scorn not to shed the sympathetic tear;
Christ, best of all, knew how its comfort warmed.
Amend thy creed to fit the needs of man,
And Live, but love the life beyond—not this
Too flickering spark that may expire betime.

. . . . .

Anon the busy counselor in garb
Of lofty sense and purity of soul,
Administers the poison of distrust.

. . . . .

From out the glamour of illumined hall,
She wanders to the arbor where the fall
Of dew aspersions glows on leaf and vine;
Pure silver in the moon's enlambent shine.
His letter from her breast she takes and reads.
Garlanded strings of many tinted beads,
Like rosaries, bedeck the garden walk.
Amid the bloom she treads—a fair white nun;
The while she reads, tears from her lashes run.

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Thou priceless gem
That dews the feeling eye;
No diadem
Can with thy brilliance vie;
For hast thou not thru joy or pain,
Refreshed me with your heartfull rain?
What opaline
Emotions tint thy sphere,
My crystaline—
For art thou not a tear?

. . . . .

The dying cadence of a cheery song
Wafts gardenward, voiced by the merry throng;
And breaking into laughter, rudely jars
The deep seclusion of her thoughts.

. . . . .

With face uplifted to the starry tide,
She murmurs to the winds that byward glide:

"I bow my head unto a cruel fate
That seems to grasp me in its dread estate;
I bow my head, here in the cool night air
That fans my cheek, afreight with odors rare:
I bow my head unto my blooms and sigh,
While they look up and trustful, wonder why.
Ah, gentle rose, whose language I have learned
Within my heart, and trustful love returned;
I grieve that he with whom my fate is cast,
Hath more received than he can give at last."

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(Then in her chamber, sleepless,
  Afar into the night,
She taketh pen and paper,
  And thus to him doth write:)

"Too soon you have forgotten, dearest,
  Those hours so full of joy, so blest;
When our up-star seem'd heaven nearest,
  Our inmost longings all confessed.

"Those love-full moments all, I treasure,
  Their light illumes my soul again;
A waft of perfume born of pleasure,
  Sweet balm to ease the touch of pain.

"O, happiness! art thou now banished?
  O, heart! hast heard thy dying tune?
O, dream of dreams! where art thou vanished?
  Hath sorrow dim'd thy glow so soon?"

As ling'ring echoes of together days,
O'erwing the lone and reminiscent now;
Throughout the weaving web of passing hours,
Threads in the gold of fleeting happiness.
Heart-deep, there throbs an ever conscious fear
Of some calamity.
A week or more hath passed and no response:
He wonders what hath pressed to stay her pen:

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Can she be worse, or hath some other lured
Her rapt attention to forgetfulness?

O, absence! unconsoling severance!
Thou conjurer that fate accentuates!
O worry magnifying night; wear on,
That day may lure from vain contending thoughts!

What sadder thought than that two perfect loves,
By temperament intended each for each,
Must be despoiled by some in-weaving theme.
It is as if life's truest aim were vain.

. . . . .

Morrow dawns! The moments drag! No letter yet!
Now doth mad worry bid calm patience flee,
And distrust scents the cunning of a crafty mind,
To cheat his love of its ascendency:
So, pausing not, he casts success aside,
And flies unto her presence with grave fears.

. . . . .

O, measure of the moments' slothful span,
How wearily ye drag your constant space!
Ye hours that ebb reluctantly away,
Are still unyielding though he homeward turns.

His thoughts foreview each well remembered scene,
Which seems to lend new distance to their space;
And what oncè seemed a very little way,
Extendeth in his fancy, league on league.

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At length the last bemarking lights are passed,
And greying spires creep into misty view;
Pale auras of the flick'ring village lamps
Beam thru the gently deep'ning night.

No one to greet him; how his heart doth throb!

By unfamiliar paths unto her home
He wends until before her gate he stands.

The roses are yet blowing and the vine
That over-climbs her window hath but turned
Its springtide tints into midsummer's blend:
O, mad, disordered weeks, how ye have dragged!

Emotion stirs his swelling breast
To sighings that are scarce repressed,
As winding like a silver thread,
Her window light weaves o'er his head.

With timid step he falters at the door
And knocks with vacillating force;
As one who knows not how his visit falls
And hesitates the gath'ring to intrude.

. . . . .

Vague flashings that fore-sweep the tempest's path,
Flare audent rumblings o'er the dreary north;
And intermittent rain drops moist his cheek.

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Bleak, ominous, the valeward clouds advance,
And show'ry columns mist the profiled hills.
Upsprings the wind, drawn into empty space;
The riven leaflets rattle o'er the glebe,
And heaven's caldrons loose their up-pent flood,
That raps like sharpnell on the writhing trees.
With blinding flash the storm-sped caissons burst,
Cleaving the night with loud, resonant blast;
The streams, augmented by the wat'ry flow,
Wax boist'rous in befoaming cataracts
That chafe to fly their rage restraining course.

. . . . .

Ye floods your furies vent in gorging rills!
Spend, winds, your anger on the crouching tree!
Deep scourge the night, thou darting jets of flame!
It is your privilege, when overwrought,
To expurgate your passions and subside:
But man, more sensitive, must bear
With mild beatitude the mad'ning lash,
And meekly offer up the other cheek.

. . . . .

All thru the night he hears a sobbing voice;
It mingles with the chill of dripping rain:
His spirit, crushed and drooping, riseth not,
And self-reproach doth settle o'er his heart.

While yet beneath her window lingering,
His thoughts forbode the morrow's throb.

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This scene I fain would never pen;
And yet, so much a part of life it is
That we must hearken to the tragedy.
He found her very ill, with all life's sands
So nearly run, there scarce was time to say
Those parting words, that ever seem in vain.

Here will I lift the curtain for a while,
And let you view the scene in its finality.

She was o'erjoyed to see him, but distressed
With love's acutest miseries—the frets
That in forced absence fever to despair;
Augmented by that distrust born of hate,
Thrust by a heedless mind on her ill frame. [pense,
This damned unrighteous righteousness that some dis-
Wherewith they paint the purest motive vile,
Breeding a canker on the best intent;
Is sugared o'er with loftiest ideals,
And so hedged round with Christianity,
There's scarce a spot to lay the remedy.

. . . . .

O, Lord! deliver us in mercy from
The secret grief of unresponsiveness,
That doth oppose and stultify the soul,
Thru peevishness and narrow drawn desires:
O, God! make generous those we do love,
That our too seldom joys bring not reproof:
Leave not life's burdens for the one to bear,
Let trustful, patient, gentleness avail.

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To many, love is what I will or won't;
Ungenerous and all-desiring self.
Not so with her: she shares in all she may,
Tho' oft in giving, suffers by the gift;
Thus her sweet patience oft gives o'er an hour,
The while she knows 'tis priceless to her own.

. . . . .

All tenderness and uncomplaining trust,
Her buoyancy surmounts these trying times,
Tho' sickness gnawing at her precious life,
Paints misery upon her patient brow.

. . . . .

Such bravery as hers transcends belief—
A courage born of perfect Christian trust,
Wherewith she scorns the sufferings of death,
Soothing the agonized with words of cheer.
Could ever such a voice as hers be mute?
Could ever such a thoughtful mind decline?

. . . . .

So that I may not sorrow, her sweet face
Lights with a joy I'd give my soul were real.

(Kneeling beside her, does he realize
How soon must cease the slowly ebbing breath?
How soon her body be mere emptiness,
All voided by the Spirit's severance?

'Tis well we cannot grasp the after-time,
But hope and wonder into vacancy.)

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Most worthy of all earthly themes,
A gentle mother's love;
A love that spares nor wearies ere,
A gift all dross above.

All thru the dreary, wakeful night;
Throughout the care-full day;
Thy hands have labored to relieve,
Thy lips sweet words convey.

A day most ordinary whose routine
Differs but in the muffling of the tread,
The softly closing door, the gentle touch,
The careful setting down of noisy things;
A thoughtfulness that sets the day apart,
Showing how calmly peaceful all might live
But for the bluster of too heedless rush.

Without, the aspect is as usual
In summer's old routine of cloudless sky:
Birds, rustling leaves and murm'ring streams—
All nature just its ordinary rote
Somewhat apart from that deep hush within,
Where all thought centers on a wasting form,
That with a face turned t'ward the silent hills,
As if her eyes had caught within their shade
A glimpse of some celestial messenger,
Awaits our precious soul—the call of Death.

Surely the smile that beams thru suffering

Digitized by Google

Bespeaks an uncomplaining mastery;
A saintly patience born of wondrous trust.

He knows there buds upon her lips a word
More precious to his famished heart than life.
Beneath her impulse to speak out, there is
A dread restraint o'ermastering desire.
It dumbs her as a muted instrument
Whose richest melody has been suppressed.

SHE

You know I love you more than life,
And that I've trusted you alway;
Your gen'rous heart, your sacrifice,
Have been my blessings day to day.

I see in your devotion true
A love that is as deep as mine;
I want to feel that you believe,
In spite of all, I am all thine.

HE

O, speak not thus, nor entertain
A single doubt or fear;
Your love hath proved an hundred fold,
Waste not a single tear.

I count no act as sacrifice
That may restore thy health;
I know 'tis only in your love,
My life hath found its wealth.

Digitized by Google

Whatever thoughts have come between
  Were never cast by thee;
For our two hearts have ever been
  A perfect unity.

SHE

As the birds of passage wing
  From the winter's chill away
Unto pleasant lands of spring,
  So my soul doth long to stray:
As the bird yearns for its mate,
  There in that eternal shine
I will build our nest and wait
  For your soul to follow mine.

HE

I know no time beyond the now;
Here is thy heart's abiding place.
    O, be thou dead,
    Then joy hath fled!
I ask no more of Heaven's grace.

If there be aught of healing pow'r,
    Then may it strengthen in this trial;
Let it restore thy health once more,
    Such boon alone can reconcile!

SHE

We must not say farewell,
  Tho' death may hover nigh;
For those in sweet attune,
  There shall be no good-bye.

Digitized by Google

True as a perfect chord,
  Completed and divine;
Though my soul journey on,
  It will respond to thine.

* * * * *

As tender music leaves a master's touch,
Struck from the subtle instrument of life,
So her blest Spirit severs from the clay,
Faint as a mist and quite invisible;
And sensing freedom in the truer state,
Feathers the aerial spheres of pure delight.

What glow was that that lit the everlasting hills,
Disbursing shadow and eclipsing daylight's beam?
Was it the splendor of her last, departing glance?

What stirred the leaves aquiv'ring in the quiet vale,
As if a sudden breeze had passed?
Was it the waft of her enquickened soul?

Earth is a-hush to hear her gentle voice.

A lark, inspiring in the upper calm,
Doth hear and render back to earth her song.

* * * * *

To feel the "might have been's" dark phantom rise,
In face of all your love and sacrifice;
To know the sweet perfection that you sought
Was ever marred by some unworthy thought;

Digitized by Google

To know that heart like yours pined for the state
Which now to know on earth, is all too late:
Then in the presence of unfeeling death,
To know that naught can ere return the breath
Unto the object of your fondest care:
To think that death perchance is what it seems—
With no warm touch or spoken word to know—
This is the very height and depth of woe.

. . . . .

Beside the bier, the voice of hate
Unsilenced by death's sanctity,
Utters rude words, as it would rob
The final moment of its peace.

Sundown and the after hush
  Of night that follows soon;
Starlight and the silv'ry blush
  Left by the waning moon.

Heart-break and the after still
  Of gloom that follows fast;
Sun-up and the waking thrill
  Of hands that clasp at last.

There needs be shading in the script
Whereon Life's subtle pen hath tript;
Here, lightly, with fantastic tread,
There, heavy where the shadows thread;
So speeds it e'er from youth to age—
Then dots, whereat Death turns the page.

Digitized by Google

The church bells are ringing,
Their metal tones flinging
O'er valley and hill.
Soft voices are blending,
Hush'd music is wending
With somnolent thrill.

The odors of flowers,
Fresh gathered from bowers,
Drift out on the air.
All hearts there are aching,
And some there are breaking,
O'er her that was fair.

Toll, bells, on forever;
Be joyous, O never,
She lieth so white.
Weep, blossoms, and wither;
Your soul hath gone thither,
In eternal flight.

. . . . .

Step softly, be heedful where ye tread,
Lest, thoughtlessly, ye wake the restful dead.
Ev'ry moment gives to life a birth,
And as oft recalls it back to earth;
Neath the blossom that adorns the ground,
Heaps dread Acheron, his oval mound.
Thus is paved each step of life with dead:
Step softly, be heedful where ye tread;
Lest some bosom ye awake to weep—
Step softly, O let the weary sleep.

Digitized by Google

After the deepest sorrow of our life
Hath passed, it is far easier to tread
The tranquil way. But when within
The valley of the shadow and amid
The qualms of unrequited purpose we
O'ergaze denuded frailties of men,
Unheeding thru their lack of power to feel,
Ungrasping of their duties, for the need
Of that fine sense of sympathy,
Then deem we life's deluding span too long;
Then doth despair its cruel fangs inroot,
And that frail thread which binds us to our task
We would dissever with one freeing stroke.

. . . . .

HE

"Sorrow hath laid its hand upon my heart,
And blight upon my love.
Is Heaven's thirst for souls insatiate,
That it must pluck unblown to its estate
A bud that scarce had sipt life's early dew;
Whose new unfolding scarce of rapture knew?"

(*Wending among the graves, he mourns.*)

"Ah, poor Narcissus! how thy pallid glow
Creeps mournfully where deep'ning shadows flow:
The tomb thou lovest and the cypress' shade,
Where Zephyrus moans and love and thee are laid.

"Now blighting grief inflames anew desire;
Breathing love's dying embers into fire,

Digitized by Google

Whose heat, unquenching in consuming wave,
Doth lay my heart in ashes on her grave."

Under the leaves
  O let me rest,
Where nought e'er grieves,
  No fears molest.
Under the shade
  Of friendly bough,
O! to be laid
  Restfully now.
O! let me sleep,
  Dead to the woe,
Never to weep,
  Waken or know.
Heart, be thou still!
  Soul, urge no more!
Time will fulfill
  What lies before.
Under the leaves,
  Mocking my fears;
The future weaves
  Garlands of years.
In my still bed
  Amid the brake,
Morn's gentle tread
  May not awake.
Under the leaves,
  Hush me to rest,
Where nought e'er grieves,
  No cares molest.

Digitized by Google

Heart, be thou still!
  Soul, urge no more;
Time will fulfill
  What lies before.

. . . . .

"Before the sepulcher of death I stand,
The while the sun sinks o'er the western strand,
And darkness fleeing from the rising moon,
Creeps over grave and leafy-deep festoon:
The livid marble lights up in the chase,
And ghostly semblances glide place to place:
The soughing wind from o'er the billow's surge,
Breathes thru the cypress boughs a mournful dirge.

Is this then death? O, strange, mysterious blight!
Is this the spectre of chaotic night?
Art thou that robs all beauty of its form,
And recompenses with the unconsoling worm?
O love, must thy deep rapture end in this?
Fades thus the spectra of immortal bliss?
Earth's noblest offering, her hope and faith,
End fest'ring carrion or frighting wraith?

O vacant hours of barren emptiness!
Expressionless and unresponsive now
Made vapid by absented hope,
Despair depresseth with its weight of woe:
All firmness hath deserted life's desire;
Inconstant purpose fixes thought on death!

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My trusty blade, I kiss thy numbing edge,
For by thy swift unerring stroke, I soon
Will join her Spirit or forever sleep.
Thy sting I woo unto my acheful heart.
I seek an isle of rest. 'Tis in a sea
Whose depths are fathomless to mortal eye;
A sea whose tides ne'er crimple into waves,
Whose winds sigh not unto the heedless shore.
I seek a calm repose whose dreamless hush
Wakes no remembrance of the poignant yore;
And from whose shadow wakes no songful note:
Where night's impenetrable fastness palls,
And age heeds not the onward tread of time.
Thou boatman, bent and gray, my pilot be
Whose oars break not the melancholy still.
Upon the prow of thy frail craft I stand
And gaze into the grief assuaging tide,
Where specter like, a castle rears its walls
Within whose silence endeth all desire."

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PART IV.

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PART IV

From his narrow window gazing
As bright day to night is hazing,
Scans the Sexton o'er the clearing
For the first bright star's appearing
That emboldened by earth's shadow,
Blooms upon the heav'nly meadow.
O'er the hush the bell tones linger,
As awaft from distant singer.
Thus in solitary dreaming
Sits the Sexton, fancies teeming,
Till dark night the day effacing
Leads his fitful fancy tracing
Paths amid the astral revels,
Where the Spirit only, travels.

Oft the vesper anthem sighing,
To responsive mood replying,
Wakens deep within a longing
To ascend where thoughts are thronging;
And his vibrant atoms tremble
As weird visitants assemble,
An immortal aggregation
Crowds his rapt imagination.

Are these moodful musings merely?
Or doth vision view more clearly?

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Ev'ry stone of his rude dwelling,
Tho unsculptered and repelling,
Hath a face, a name, a being,
Friendly to his inner seeing:
More than human, more consoling,
To high hopes their aid enrolling,
Deftly round him ever pressing,
Lifting thought from themes distressing.

Never with a mortal speaking,
Scant repose from study seeking,
Loneliness his heart acquiring,
Craves a soul like his, aspiring,
Flesh and blood and not ethereal,
Of a substance more material.

What use to sing if there are none to heed?
What use to write if there are none to read?

The bird sings sweetest to its list'ning mate,
Whose mute approval doth full compensate.
The shepherd pipes upon the mountain side,
The herds responding, gather to their guide:
The poet wakes the strings whose voice anew
Seeks out the searching souls, who follow, too.
Thus are we led unto the greatest heights
By those responsive, whom our song delights.

Lone as yon summit 'reft of friendly peak;
Lone as an island in a waste of sea,

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His spirit yearns for some companionship,
Which, finding not, grows weary of desire.

. . . . .

Let us walk with him the garden of God,
Where earth's rarest bloom awakes from the sod;
Exhales on the air the fragrance of thought;
Inspiring and free, tho it must be sought.
Open the gates of the mind to the breeze,
Let waft thru the soul the song of the trees
As they rise 'neath the magical touch of His wand,
And point with their spires t'ward the heav'nly land.
In God's garden fair a fountain of glame
Uplifts to the sky its life-giving flame,
Whose peltering dews in the moonbeams glow;
Let us quaff at the fount and we shall know:
The mystic shall vanish and we shall feel
One with the Perfect, the Godly, the Real.

SEXTON

Of beaming nights, upon the sea-washed strand,
When em'rald waves broke into phosphor' beams
And crystal atmospheres drew stars anear,
I've pondered how, in ages long adrift,
Hipparchus pioneered the unknown skies:
Enrolled a thousand fixed, unchanging orbs:
Serius and Capella, first in glow,
And Vega, unsurpassed in brilliancy.
Now these same jewels cast their glows on us
In undiminished flame that held his gaze.

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Why are these eyes less subtle than the lens,
On which these stellar images impress
Their faintest spark?
The spectraglows of star-creating dust
Reveal therein their changing binaries.
We dare not venture to enumerate
How vastly multiple these rayless spheres:
The cosmic dust of unillumined worlds
Strives with the flames of brightly beaming stars
And modifies the brilliancy of day,
Lending a softness to the glow of night.

Our central world companions with the sun,
While round us like bejeweled girldle swings
The clusters of the distant milky-way.
The blending of the spheral dust with ours
Compounds the great elixir we inhale,
Whose light adjusted to our growing needs
Keeps live the spark that our Creator struck.
To know the earth and its component parts
Is to have view'd the secrets of all space.

Life in its infinite variety
Attains perfection round the bode of man.
Where he cannot exist, the minimum
Of life strives with the thorn and shifting sand.
Why is not man the one idea of All?
He holds the centre of the stage of Life,
The while the universe doth focus him.

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Add hydrogen to alkali, and swift,
Long dormant life will blossom and bear fruit—
Add purpose to our active principle
And we've a demi-god in mortal mind.

This mighty Spirit holds within its palm
As 'twere a grain of sand, this little world,
That turning round from light to shade, evolves
The days and nights of our terrestrial span.
Aspiring still, our Spirit yet shall wear
In some far time, a sky of glowing worlds
To grace the garments of its memory.

The batteries of science, thoughtful trained,
Are narrowing the boundaries of space.
A universe seems center'd round our globe,
Which even to its far, remotest spark,
Conduces to the essence of our Life.
We drink the starlight as the fronding leaf;
The moon uplifts our thought o'er shallow dunes;
While atmospheric moistures fresh the soul.
Inwall'd by vast, unnumbered stars we swing
Our certain orb, within whose circuit weaves
The texture of immortal Life.

When soul is ready for the Spirit's call
Our colors glomerate into pure light.
This is the total of all tints in one;
The sun itself, and not its varied gleams.
Sound is the subtle voice of living light;

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The vowel and the consonant of Truth:
Time is the measure of its aspirate.

. . . . . .

If darkness is a veil and All is Light,
And Light transfuses all material,
Then in the final shutting out of day
Would it be strange if Light illumined Death?
The aqueous compound of this mortal part
Doth scarce conceal its inner mysteries:
The cooling and the stopping of whose parts
Doth show a purpose cannot be denied.
If Light itself be brighter than mere day,
Then Life transcends the radiance of suns;
And should be visible but for the nerves
That fog the waters of this mortal eye.
Reasoning from and to particular
We do infer that such will be the fact:
But spite of reasoning the fact was there.
We seem to grasp the rudiments with ease,
Tho chaos is as dense to thought as mass.
When we think star, doth reason grasp a world?
When we feel Love, doth mind encompass Soul?
When we find Soul, know we the Absolute?
When we view Life, have we o'ermastered Time?

Light being Life, pervades the atmosphere
As air pervades the ocean's rayless deeps
And entering between all particles,
Becomes the circulation of high space.
What of that spectra whose unnumbered tints

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Affect the blossom to its certain hue?
What of the diamond and its nighted dream?
Hath it escaped the sun's coronal glints?
Thus we reflect according to our thought,
The all-pervading color of our mood,
Distempered or inspiring as we think.

When Time slips from its moorings the fleet year
The past is incidental to the star
That oversweeps the firmamental space,
But future is the reason of its flash.

Subjective gaze rewards the beautiful,
Which comtemplation compensates the eye.
By graduating vistas, the sublime
Bursts by degrees upon the searching soul.
This viewless, object-barren space invites,
Imaginative voices wake the hush,
And contemplative beauty grace the void.
Idea is the beautifying touch
That lends to art the mystery of Life.
O mind! Of all God's works the most sublime,
That thru these few congealing ounces we
Can people emptiness and sweep the skies,
Subject the unseen elements to Will,
But cannot grasp the mystery of Life.
That spark, infinitesimal, escapes
The subtle reasonings of all our wit.

We, being Life, are prone to gaze away,

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Searching the distance for what lies within.
The heart vibrates upon that self-same law
That speeds the planets round their certain course.
The clouds wing lightly as the butterfly,
Pressing alike their kisses on the rose.
The ocean and the wind are kindred, too,
As sound and stillness are alike at-one.
Void and Fulfillment do alike conjoin,
One law and principle for All—in All.
Shall we, that grasp the idea of the plan,
Be lesser than the plan we contemplate?

Thought gathers to itself the scattered dust,
Shaping the being to its central plan:
Vibrating lesser, stronger, as the mind
Quickens or retards its varied mood.
Hath Time ceased with the pendulum's last swing?
No more hath person ceased with our last breath!

Weaving the mesh of All-Eternal-Time,
Therein did God place his fulfilling thought,
That we might write the story of the hour.

I am a separable atom of
The vast and mighty whole:
I am the changeless Law
That, will or nil,
Quickeneth the soul.

Digitized by Google

I am the past and fore of memory,
An ever-learning orb:
Of never-changing form—an entity
That death cannot absorb.

. . . . .

The ocean is but heavy atmosphere,
Too humid to maintain in lofty space:
And falling to earth's deep, enhollow'd vales,
Heaves its wide bosom to the spheral glows.
The flinty earth, the sediment of stars,
Enchains within its keep the fluent tides
That ever battle in their captive sinks:
Lifting impending mists toward the skies.

Of that internal something that effects
To life this dull material:
May it not be of our conformity?
The hand within the glove?
The I, the person, individual?
We shape the battery to charge the wire—
What gives the bioplast its pattern thought?
Doth it contain all wisdom in itself?
'Tis answered from the great invisible:
This form we lose not in the ash of death—
The pattern *was* before the bioplast.
As lum'nous astrals take the shape of man
And wander from the confines of the flesh,
So, strengthened by the process of this death,
Steps forth the weaver from his wondrous web:

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Its person, form, identity, the I;
Endowed with everlasting Life, by Him,
The Maker, All-Intelligent, the Sense.
O, tell me not that I shall be a part
Of some great scheme, some all-creating whole,
Bereft of person, form and memory:
The offspring of that myth, Bathybius.
A soul congealed with countless other souls—
A particle within a great chaotic mass:
Inanimate, after creative Will
Hath shown the capabilities of Good?
Insensate, after pain and ecstasy?
After the yearning, loving, learning?
After the effort to rise from the mass
And stand apart in all progressive Truth
Whose very application Life diversifies.
Tell me that I forever shall be I—
That you that love me shall forever Be—
Not vastly different from this fair form,
But capable of further thought and love;
Personal, individual and free.
A thing that an unselfish God may love:
His handiwork, impersonal, apart;
A something to reward the Builders' zeal.

If in our weave we're taught to will to live—
To hope and to aspire beyond this death,
Then trust the bioplast that held the hope;
Made it to bloom in our effulgent year.
As we were built to hold that blessed wish

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So we shall find within, immortal Life.
This seed contains within its subtle sphere
The unity of consciousness complete.

The Spirits' hearing grasps a finer thread
Than ever hath been spun in music's web.
Yon silence yields us not the mighty din
Of clashing particles, commingled with
The whirr of coursing stars, the seethe of suns.

Could I but sail
The meteoric streams around the sun,
Where sweeps the flotsam of the comet's wreck;
I'd pause anon, mid isles of clustering stars,
To light my torch on some new flaming node
Where merge from bright corona's, jewels rare:
Then with my spark I'd turn to nighted earth
And kindle a new hope in ev'ry breast.

. . . . .

'Tis giv'n the ear to hear the great unseen,
In music's earthward reaching harmonies.
'Tis giv'n the mind to know in subtle thought:
The soul to feel beyond all questioning.
Sight is the only sense that is deceived,
And that because we will see tangibles.

. . . . .

Have I not heard the world's sublimest note,
That faded all mere music into chime:
That lifting on a breath so poised in thought,

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It pressed against the circling rim of space
As it would sunder heav'n with swelling tone:
It was a simple tune, but inly heard.

SEXTON

Musing of a twilight golden
Over parchments sere and olden;
Glides a sudden glow before me—
As a specter hov'ring o'er me.
Startling tho the apparition—
Unperturbed my intuition.
Now assuming form of human,
Wavereth a fair young woman;
Draped in robes of airy lightness,
Of a phosphorescent brightness.
My heart paused—the phantom moving,
By a look my fear reproving,
Parts her lips as if to utter
Words that into silence flutter
Fainter than a bloom's unfolding—
That with morn' commune is holding.
Her deep eyes a wish conveying
Bid my sense their will obeying,
Till a coldness quivers o'er me
And the shade glides on before me:
Beckons with her hands—I follow
Down the cloistered by-way hollow:
On among the grave-stones wending,
Led o'er paths 'neath cypress bending
Where the circling tomb-bat sweepeth,

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And the gnawing legion creepeth.
Now before a tomb, the spirit
Pauses. Beckons me anear it.
And obeying her wild gesture,
I peer in the dark investure.
From the shadows' faint revealing
I can trace a figure kneeling,
With great sobs whose form is shaking,
As a heart from grief were breaking.

YOUTH

When this last dreamless night is done,
Your face shall be my rising sun:
Your smile will gently waft away
The mists that linger over day.
The haven of my heart, your breast,
Shall fold me to eternal rest:
Your eyes will beam refreshing dew,
To ease my fervent, waking view,
Lest I expire to feel the glow
Of your warm lips and perish so.
And should this poignant ache of heart
Revive with me and not depart,
I'll pray to pass again to sleep,
Calm, impenetrable and deep!

SEXTON

(I behold, as lightning flashing,
Gleam of steel that from him dashing,
Speeds the murd'rous blade from harming.)

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YOUTH

Unwelcomed! Who disturbs my grief?

SEXTON

A brother in adversity!
Come! Thy vain purpose cease!
Wouldst thou thy Captain disobey?
Desert thy post amid the frey?
Ah, not so base a coward thou,
Unto adversity to bow!
Come! Strike unto thy trouble's heart;
Command the threat'ning clouds depart!
Thrust back the lightning with the clash
Of thine own steel—give flash for flash!
Be not dove-like and meekly bear
Thy burdens with a downcast air;
But like the eagle, soar on high,
Where no debasement cometh nigh!
Art scorned? Unpitied? What of it?
If love deny and fortune fail;
If all known woes thy heart assail;
Seek not in any human face,
For pity's soft, consoling grace,
But take a firmer hold on life,
Stand boldly to besetting strife
And tho thy woes like rivers flow,
Receive upon thy breast the blow—
So be it, if Chance wills it so!

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YOUTH

If Fate is privileged to wring my heart—
Then have I not the right to cry enough
And stem my woes by whatsoever means I will?

SEXTON

Why dash thyself against unfeeling stone?
Think you to wake a sense where there is none?
If those that hurt thee cannot sense their wrong,
How can retaliation change or words affect?
'Tis better to combat than meekly bear;
Tho both are wrong.
There is a poise that sets all ill at naught.
Leave unto Time the labors of its sphere:
'Twill grind the adamant to dust at last.

YOUTH

Alas, how very calm her rest;
No heart-throb wakes that silent breast,
Whose ev'ry pulse was wont to meet
Mine own, and blend into its beat.
From those dear lips I hear no sigh,
Their coldness wakens no reply—
O God! where hath escaped the breath
From this enmarbled hush of death?

SEXTON

Come!

YOUTH

How e'er survive the awful shock
That o'er my being seems to rock;

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Lending to grief a mad'ning pow'r,
Seeing no hope beyond the hour.
Pain-waking words that burn and sear
Do ring forever in my ear—
Till hushing silence groans with hate,
And ev'ry whisper is a blade
That cuts and prods my anguished heart,
Till death alone can ease the smart.

SEXTON

Time wields a viewless poignard, and its thrust
Is sure. But wait, too soon it will strike home.
Thou'rt unprepared. Thy Spirit must advance:
How far, we may not know; therefore, forbear!

YOUTH

To live for years with one you idolized,
And all the while your hands dared scarcely touch
Without the pique of an intruding love
That poised its will against devotion's own:
What is more wearing to an ardent heart?
Is there a torture more refined in art?
Dearest:
Could you, from your new bode look down and see
These after hours of suffering alone;
Sorrowing far beyond the loss of you—
Your heart could not partake of heav'nly joys,
You would so grieve to see my sore distress.
Could you but know how shattered my ideals,
How vain the dreams that were our loveland's own:

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How soon, when your dear breath had left your corse,
The world's unfeeling aspect came to view.
Ah! could you know this heart that worshiped you
Was made to faint in deeper agonies than death,
You could not rest for praying I might come,
And be consoled within your loving arms.

SEXTON

Come! 'tis sympathy thou need'st!
'Tis more the attitude of selfish minds,
Than death's sad severance, that prompts thy blade.
Come! Learn of Life!

YOUTH

Speak thou of Life? Then gaze on this sweet wreck!

SEXTON

If she be dead, what comes then of our Faith?
Where is the hope that nourisheth, sustains?
Hath chaos blighted ev'ry Christian trust?
What have I seen with these unfailing eyes?
What led me hither? Was it mere chance?
It grieves me to behold so fair a mind
O'ergiven to the folly of despair.

YOUTH

Death surely unrewards a life like hers.
If memory survive, why not the soul?
Yet, how can I survive the loneliness?
My heart upyearns, my hands outreach in space
Whose emptiness accentuates my grief.

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SEXTON

In sorrow's hour we lean on kindliness
As 'twere a crutch to stay our limping grief;
Yet void of healing is all mortal love:
Our truest consolation lies within,
Where bravely and with steadfast faith
We rise above the world's calamities.
Come with me, heart-weary friend,
No longer with vain grief contend:
Come! I greet thee as a brother,
Leave this life, begin another:
Here in the Sexton's tranquil walls
No peace disturbing woe recalls:
Come! thou art captive to thy grief,
Repose will bring thee sweet relief.

YOUTH

I care not for love's words so lightly spoken,
  Nor care I for the language of the rose;
Close to my breast, I need no other token,
  Her presence there is all my wooing knows.

Within her arms, I need no other dwelling;
  Her azure eyes are as the sky to me:
Consuming love defies the simple telling,
  But bursting forth engulfs us in its sea.

I'd not complain, tho grief my heart assailing,
  Nor yet despair while her's beat close to mine;
Bereft of her, all else is unavailing,
  A mighty void is left and I repine.

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I hear no music, for the lute is broken;
  Life's wondrous song has lost its charm for me:
My steadfast love disdains all other token;
  Then in her arms, O let me buried be!

SEXTON

So brief the hour we here remain,
All bitter mourning is in vain:
Short time and you will calmly choose
The balm that healeth ev'ry bruise;
Engrave upon thy mem'ry's shield,
"To thy remembrance thus I yield."
Here change thy song to that of hope—
Firm grasp the future's broad'ning scope;
For hark! my list'ning senses hear
The hour of passing cometh near:
Soon intersticing themes converge,
And sweeps *adagio* to dirge:
Soon breaks our fragile winding thread—
How briefly we survive the dead!

(As up the moonlit walk we wander,
O'er the buried past I ponder:
So like mine his heart's upbreaking;
So like mine this sudden waking.

Anon I turn his thoughts to giving
All his days to holy living.

Pausing a moment where the sleeping flowers
Bathe the night in fragrant showers.

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Bright spangles from the moon caress
The undulating valley's breast,
And on his throbbing temples press
The slumb'rous balm of tranquil rest.

Soft pillow'd on my humble bed,
I gently lay his troubled head;
And hush him as a mother might
A child whose care was her delight:
Snuff the taper dimly burning;
To the page I'd left, returning;
Read—I know not what, for thinking
Of the strange night, 'till a-blinking,
Slumber throws its mantle o'er me
And the scene dissolves before me.

. . . . .

When the first bright golden lances
Burst from morning's waking glances:
When the mountain trenches, wooded,
Wake from slumber, misty hooded;
Dream laden, silent ships of spray,
Spread their white wings and sail away,
Over a sea of balmy air,
Kissed by Orient's ruddy glare.
Then the wild bird's tuneful numbers
Rouse us from belated slumbers.
There refreshed by waters cooling,
Waits my charge his first deep schooling.
In the grace of soul surrender;
That first glimpse of Heaven's splendor.

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Still his baffled blade repenting;
Still his heart's deep loss lamenting.)

YOUTH

Thou dark unfriendly hour that dulled
The blade that should the blight have culled:
That closed death's portal full on me,
Leaving the sting of misery.

SEXTON

Hush! thy grief unmans thee wholly:
Have patience, Life's gift is holy.

YOUTH

What now remains to charm my sight,
Since day has passed to dreamless night?
The die is cast, why then contend?
Since love hath fled, let my life end.

SEXTON

Retaliation and revenge react
Upon us for our heedless deeds:
Our structure may collapse upon us if
One single stone be moved from its set place.
The individual and act are part
Of our tuition and our seasoning:
Mere incidentals to the massive whole.
Every prod but teaches us to feel—
And ev'ry sorrow wakes a deeper joy;
The house of mourning is the twilight dusk
That glooms our vision ere the break of day.

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YOUTH

She will not vanish from e'er-present grief,
Thus do I seek to live, while sorrows kill.

SEXTON

Far better can she minister to thee
From her unseen abode in thoughtful space,
Than when disturbed by earth's discordant themes
Which interrupt and mar love's melody.
Love, as a means to reach the ultimate
Hath more to overcome than other ways,
Because true love is feeling's deepest sense,
And into this all ways converge at last.
Cease thou to bode the murd'rous thought,
All destroying, availing naught:
A grain of hate dropt in the heart,
And brooded o'er, receives a start
That rushing, gathers in its rage
The poise and wisdom of our age:
Still urging, mild resistance gives,
And murder, the whole thought, now lives.
Like lightning's flash our hand hath slain—
The thunder wakes to self again!

This life must pace its destined course,
'Tis not a thing that yields to force.
Concealed within that we call death,
A life more vital than mere breath;
A new development of soul,
Awaits fulfillment of its goal.

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Each hour doth throb with new increase
Upon the world, Life cannot cease.
The thread of high perfection winds
To the infinite, where it binds.
Great truths spring from a source devout;
Who thinks within, sheds light without.
Self-study is the bubbling source
Of inspiration's subtle force:
He who knows his nature surely
Holds success as his securely.
As our thoughts trend, so shall our progress be—
All unattuned, or perfect harmony.
We are not better than the swine,
'Till thought and impulse make divine.

Whither wendeth, in its swift flight,
Yon star that sweeps across the night?
Where flow the sands that press the sea;
Have they no certain destiny?
Does seed drop ere the fruit is grown?

YOUTH

This newer thought of thine is queer,
And yet, some element doth cheer
To sweet attunement, all my pain;
And brings me up to pitch again
Wherein some thought anew elates,
The hopelessness obliterates.
Speak on! I fain would hear thy song;
Beneath its spell my heart grows strong.

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SEXTON

'Tis variance of will makes man to shift;
His reason marks no course, doth blindly drift.
There is one pilot that will light him home,
A safe asylum, whence he need not roam:
'Tis concentration on some lofty height
Of thought, that shall endow enternal might:
Objectified with that he emulates,
Becomes a part of That which All creates.
The world grows small as mind expands
And yearnings reach t'ward other lands.

YOUTH

I'll close the past as one lays down a book
Whose ev'ry page revives but poignant pain:
Whose final chapter hath the curtain rung
On Life's sublimest tragedy.
Now do I start another theme,
Which, let us hope, may lead in pleasant ways:
For, what new sorrow may outweigh the old?
'Tis left the future to reveal but joy—
The unwrit story of requited love.

SEXTON

We may not venture how the play may end;
Nor can we estimate its tragedy:
There is no limit to experience—
No depth to which the feelings may not go:
There's no degree, no mark, that we may pass,
And passing say: "There's nothing more to come."
But we can learn in Patience and in Trust.

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YOUTH

This play and jest doth make a mockery of grief.
I've listened to the voice that simulated woe, [art—
I've laughed and wept, swayed by the actor's subtle
Led to forget the glamour of the mimic stage:
But never until now have I true feeling known—
Never till loss and sorrow struck the poignard home.

SEXTON

I, too, have shun'd the river's tempting brink,
The cliff's high leap—the spirit-urging sea,
Or staid my hand as it would grasp a blade.
When mad'ning trouble seems unbearable
An impulse irresistible o'erwhelms.
'Tis but the impress of the gloomy hour:
Trust thou the morrow and abide its mete.

YOUTH

How may I gain the Spirit you require?
How wake within the impulse to aspire?

SEXTON

Listen in the depths of silence:
  Listen for Life's monotone;
Turn the sight and hearing inward,
  Leave the tumult, think alone.

Deep within, rich truths are springing,
  O! but heed their impulse strong;
Life's true voice is ever ringing,
  And its utterance—a song.

Digitized by Google

YOUTH

Could I, for instance, ever hope to be
At-one on earth with True Divinity?

SEXTON

The sweetest song that ever was pen'd
  Awaits on the border land
The voice of a great upyearning soul
  The touch of a master hand.

O! where is the land? How runs the tune?
  And what does its theme impart?
The tune is the sigh of a soul's desire;
  The theme is a human heart.

YOUTH

O, master, I would follow on,
But in the maze am lost!

SEXTON

When Spirit in the aspect of new hope
Descends upon a mortal's troubled breast,
That Heav'nly messenger, angelic, brings
The sweet assurance of a world of peace.
Else why the thrill in Life's departing hour?
Why raptured looks from eyes deep sunk with ill?
Pin not your Faith on earth's deceptive glows;
The True-Light burns beyond our little day!
Spirit is like a deeply shadow'd pool,
Wherein betimes the sun's bright Soul reflects:

Digitized by Google

Thus we must turn from night and glance within,
If we would see and sense Almighty Love.
Love is heaven's connecting link
And leads us close unto the brink
Wherein eternity doth spread
Its ocean past the cliffs of dread:
Where, standing on its narrow rim,
We gaze into the vortex dim:
Appall'd at whose great sea of space—
Wherein no certain harbors grace,
Save those of faith, implanted deep,
Whose might grasps all within its keep.
Faith holds the world within its orb,
While wishes our deep aims absorb:
Desire unmet were hell indeed;
But hope upsprouteth like the seed:
Upheld with promise o'er the night,
We slumber, faithful of the light.
What see these eyes, bedim'd with age,
Upon life's ever-turning page?
Naught! naught beyond environment:
A very meager testament—
Compared to that seen from within,
Our narrow reachings just begin.
I need no painted dial to show,
But read my hour in nature's flow:

The anchor's up!
My barque is ready for the breeze
To waft it over sunset seas:

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I need no pilot's hand to guide
Me o'er the myst'ries of the tide:
For my full years have brought me where
I see the home-lights over there—
Beyond the west.

Death, being consistent with my reason,
I contemplate as mere change of season;
As winter throws aside his snowy wrap,
When new-born springtime blossoms in his lap.

. . . . .

Death is the whip that snaps man from the heedless [course:
'Tis a bridle to the wayward, mettled horse, [swing,
And knowing not when its dread lash may threat'ning
Indifferent he acts; yet mindful of the sting.
Death is the mill that planes the timber smooth;
The mighty leveler that finds the heart of truth.

. . . . .

Come! let us strike the beaten trail
That leads thru leafy-tented vale;
Where creviced rocks o'erhang the way,
Adown whose clefts cool brooklets spray.
There view the forest, columned long,
Whose siege-scared phalanx, marshalled strong,
Gazes upon a death-strewn path
That marks the tempest's awful wrath.
O fleeting winds!
That viewless sweep 'twixt earth and sky,
What do ye hide from mortal eye?

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YOUTH

O gentle spirit of the cool!
Of rushing brook, of lazy pool,
Of pine, of flow'ret at my feet—
Of sighing zephyrs soft and sweet,
Of calm, of holiness and peace
Whose finite voicings never cease:
I thrive on the efflux of your thought;
The arcane treasures I have sought,
Discovered to my reaching gaze;
Have led my soul from doubtings maze.

SEXTON

Like leaves the drifting bubbles pass
  Adown life's wending streams;
As valeward grow the waters still,
  Toward the sea of dreams.

Within the bubbles' prismic film,
  Is stored the riant note
Of some sweet highland rillet's song;
  Yet silently they float:

Nor doth their bursting free a sound
  Upon the heedless air;
'Tis only in the dreamer's heart,
  It finds an echo there.

. . . . .

Come rest upon yon rising knoll,
For hark! a fun'ral knell doth toll;

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And winding 'neath yon cypress' shade,
The cortege labors up the grade.
The drums and brasses, by their din,
Attention draw to that within
The silvered box. The trappings rare
Do glimmer in the sun's bright glare.
The nervous horses prance and fret!
The drivers, with their features set
In melancholy, mournful mien,
Look bored, but count their labor's gain.
They pause now in the yawning shade
Of that deep granite newly laid,
And o'er a fragrant mat of bloom
Convey the casket to the tomb.
The widow, on whose fingers gleam
The shimm'ring bubbles of youth's dream,
Grows boist'rous in her grief, and loud
She whimpers o'er the costly shroud.
Mark not her grief, but her rich dress,
That seemingly doth most impress.
We'll grant, her sorrow's deep, but sure
Her wealth the with'ring blight will cure.
Her heart already thrills anew;
She leans upon some friendship true,
That turns her from the pulseless dead;
Puts living visions there instead
And tunes her ears to hear the chime
Of love enthroned a second time.

But mark that shabby little group,
Gathered there with mournful droop

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Among the graves that bear no sign
(Except the bloomless ivy vine)
Of those whose bodies lie at rest,
Beneath their grassy, oval crest.

There's naught to draw to them our view,
Save honest sorrow, thru and thru:
It needs no searching look to tell,
That with the last of earth that fell,
A grief that fathoms misery,
Survives that toiler's memory.
For, clinging there in dumb amaze,
His helpless children wond'ring gaze;
Whose mother, stunned, reads in their eyes
Scant comfort where their futures rise.
No friendly proffer lends support,
Nor payeth homage to her court.
Back to her lonely, cheerless nest
She folds her little ones to rest;
Where seated near a vacant chair
She gazes on with sightless stare
Into the future, blank, unknown,
Heartbroken, comfortless, alone.
Grant both these griefs alike sincere
(Wealth is no bar to sorrow's tear)
I must weigh her grief as double,
Whose mind and body waste in trouble.
We dread death's painful lingering,
But poverty's the master sting.

. . . . .

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Mother of the noisy brood,
  Wearied, you shall rest anon;
Past the cares of motherhood,
  Heav'n shall smile your fears upon.

Arms that never fold in rest,
  Eyes that watch the fevered night;
Little bodies must be drest,
  Minds and faces clean and bright.

What the glory shall be yours
  When your sons and daughters rise
To a fame that time endures;
  Tho your worry never dies.

Anxious in life's budding day,
  In the gloom of gath'ring night;
Joyous in the tints of May;
  Hopeful in grief's withering blight.

Mother of the noisy brood;
  Comfort! God is bending down:
Your sweet trust is understood—
  On your brow He rests a crown.

. . . . . .

The mother principle predominates:
Her vital, fruitful instinct recreates.
Earth is as wife to Nature's ripened pod,
And reproduces from her fertile sod:

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Her children, nurtured on her ample breast,
Mature and crumble to their final rest:
Become a part of her creating pow'r,
Revived to life beneath the grateful show'r.
Is man less useful in his thoughtful sphere?
Inspires he not from out the distant clear,
Intelligence, diffused of nature's God,
That differates him from the sordid clod?

If we were part of earth, our seed would grow
Within it: But 'twere not intended so:
Our essence flows from out the God of love;
Nature serves us, but our bud must bloom above.

. . . . .

Dame Nature o'er her landscape draws
The fundaments of Heaven's laws:
Mark how the geometric signs
This undulating earth defines.
Here, straight, unyielding lines of law
From whose dictates we may not draw:
There, mark the plastic lines of love;
Of justice, tempered from above:
These are most frequent in the scene—
Infinitude lieth between.

You whom the grave hath robb'd of love
Can scarcely comprehend the easeless pangs
They suffer who must worship from afar.
Who meet their own when love availeth not—
Nor tender look, nor fervent word, nor hope!

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As circumspect as heav'n's remotest star
That glances in, but never warms the soul,
I've stood aloof from my affinity,
Seeing her laid with sacrilegious hands
Beneath this sod, while I remotely mourned.

What strange subjective pow'r hath bid me stray
Among the graves, this unaccustomed way?
Not since my years were few and free as thine
Have I o'ertrod this path, now green with vine.

This little mound doth to my heart recall
When her mute passing cast a mighty pall
Upon my life; and I embraced the cloister.

O day of June!
Beneath whose leafy shade we stood,
While tuneful zephyrs swept the wood:
Or wandered down the mossy way,
By paths that wound
To where the brook leap'd into spray
With joyous bound.
The bird's song then our hearts beguiled,
  In bush and tree;
While nodding blooms looked up and smiled—
  On you and me.
Here, on this stone, we sat and dreamed,
The while our eyes love's solace beamed.
How thy soft hand I held, so meek,
Sent floods of crimson to my cheek:

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And when my love I did confess—
My soul upwinged, you answered—yes!
'Twas June—your hair was golden brown;
Years had not blanched my youthful crown.
Ah! we were happy then; but now
Before this granite slab I bow—
Alone!—the birds are singing yet:
But ever rings a vain regret
All thru my life its mournful tone;
For thou art gone, and I—Alone!

. . . . . .

Life is not ours to give or take away,
As some commodity we understand:
It is external to and not a part
Of our organic system, temporal.
How senseless, therefore, are these epitaphs
That we inscribe to memory!
These broken columns, meaningless:
As if life could be severed in its growth?
These monuments, by their great massiveness,
Do seem to press their subjects ever down.
The modest ivy strives to hide from view
The hopelessness engraven on the shaft;
And reads a valued lesson we should heed,
Upon the resurrection of the soul.
Fair Nature blooms, then fades and blooms again,
E'en thru the blight of winter's chill;
And all the certain steps in her soft tread
Attune their progress to immortal life.
Grave-stones are but the mile-posts on life's road,

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And do not mark our long abiding rest:
My heart died many years ago and lies
In ashes on the pyre of love;
While I, its soul, do live again and gaze
Back o'er that resurrection with new hope;
With compassion, dim, as thru a veil,
O'erview the ruins of that yester stress.
The kindnesses bestowed by gentle hands
Were laid like blossoms on my pulseless breast:
And tho their accents hushed inaudibly,
The impress of their consecration lives.
Emotions all, may pass, be laid away,
But scarred upon the soul their moods survive.

. . . . .

Propelled by soul, the Master's shuttles wove,
Gauze upon gauze, a mass of vital webb
Whose tissues braided into countless weaves
Of sinew, nerves and pulsing arteries,
Until the whole assumed the Master's thought.

The motor of that bioplasmic loom
Remains within until the woof is wove,
Then turns to its original estate,
Ethereal, invisible to this,
The sight that it so deftly fixed;
Which see'th not the Workman's dextrous hand.
The animating principle is God:
The animated is the Spirit, Soul;
Which doth reanimate corporeal.

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Outline in mind a form invisible—
The real, the perfect and original:
That in due process is designed to pass
A span of its existence in a sphere
Where it must learn the alphabet of Life:
Attracting to its glow the bioplast;
That filling in and round the pattern, weaves,
Within and out, vein, nerve and vital—all;
Such as best serves its earthly needs:
The eyes attuned to light the ears to sound—
The heart and ev'ry function throbbing Life,
Whose motor is the Spirit, formed of God;
The you, the I, the person tangible:
(We'll call it Spirit for a better word,
To picture to your sense the plan I hold.)
Grown conscious of this knit material
And seeing only with light irritated eyes,
We've grown away from Truth's original.

It seems to me the storied fall of man
Was meant to show his transformation from
The Spirit into throbbing flesh.

What more symmetrical in all the vast,
Than man in his most perfect mould?
The undulations of the universe
Enweave their lines into fair woman's form:
The halo of that pre-angelic state
Doth still illume her countenance.
Sun, moon and stars glow in her soul-lit eyes:

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The elements obey her witcheries:
The spraying cataract's her flowing hair;
The ocean surges in her heaving breast.

. . . . .

The inter-heav'nly spaces must have thronged
With joyous multitudes ere earth was tossed
A plastic mass upon the buoyant air.
Earth show'd her gladness for heaven's primal shower
Smiling her vallies into fairest flower;
And thus awoke from incrustaceous sleep,
To hear great rivers coursing over steep.
Then, like a huge convention round, the stars
Beamed o'er their radiance and silent watched
The wondrous process of maturing life.
Methinks I see those Spirit legions now,
All circling to the spheral harmony,
As with ethereal hands they scatter bloom
To beautify the throne of coming man.
Then, from that congress swept the chosen pair,
Selected for perfection by their God:
Material'd, installed in Eden fair;
There left to rule in unmolested sway,
But not dissevered from their pre-estate.

. . . . .

Man hath become so bridled to his ills
That he hath lost the very feel of pow'r;
And knoweth but the dictates of the rein.
So long he hath been ridden, freedom hath
Become a memory, long lost and vain.

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Hark! The import of that bell I seem to sense!
Except in rites pontifical, it rings not so.
What unseem' stir doth quicken Carmel's halls?

. . . . . .

Where drifts white vapor round the altar-lights,
Swept from the censer's dimly smould'ring ash,
The dying Serra kneels, bathed in the glow,
Receiving absolution on his soul,
That soon must quit the cloister of the flesh.

. . . . . .

Above the gentle Palou's voice uplifts
The "Tantum Ergo," solemn hymn,
On tongues that sense but mystery.

"Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui,
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui."

O'er the singing host with wondrous clearness
Rings the dying Serra's voice:

"Genetori, genetoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque,
Compar sit laudatio."

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"O heart of Jesu! Glowing! radiant!
Inspire Thou and enlighten my rapt soul
With Thy divine and ever-present Love!
Angels and Saints, let us conjoin in song:
Praising the heart of Him!"
The worshipers astonied listen, rapt,
As o'er the breathless hush his cadence dies.

. . . . .

The tolling death-bell echoes mournfully
From hill to billow o'er the verdant lea.

. . . . .

Before the lifeless body sorrowing,
The multitude doth rend his holy garb.

. . . . .

The roaring cannons chant in mighty din,
As in his coffin simple as his life,
They fondly fold their shepherd to his rest.

. . . . .

Where gazes down the seven sorrow'd soul
Of a sweet angel from the crumbling wall,
Upon the sanctuary's gospel side,
Where oft his mellow voice the mass intoned,
They laid his body with a pious pride
Beneath the floor where prest the humble knee.

. . . . .

Tired labor hears no more his gentle voice—
Attuned to some sweet benison or pray'r:
His people point above the arching hills,

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And story to their children of a Saint.
A nation lays its garlands o'er his grave,
And treasures on its tables his fair name.

. . . . .

O tearful source, let now your torrents flow!
A crowning sorrow doth o'erwhelm my soul;
He was of all, the one I loved the most,
Master, father, brother, all in one!
O let me here in silence contemplate
That gentle countenance: Those hands would fain
Uplift to grant my absolution.

Was it worth while
To leave the sunshine of his smile? For what?
To delve and fret and wonder, when I knew!

. . . . .

Ah yes, I feel that I have broadened 'neath
The vast of God's expanding universe.
When we withdraw into engrossing self
We miss the contact that doth educate.
They who would feel the throbbing Heart of Hearts,
Must keep their fingers on the pulse of Time:
Each aging hour expires but to enrich the next
Whose fleeting moments blow like petals from
The bloom that seeks expression in the seed:
Which then, of fragrant beauty shorn, escapes
The scrutiny of idealizing man.
Expression is the zeal of all pursuit
And leaves its imprint on the drift of years.
We drop our petals all along the way,

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In sacrificial offerings to life:
Perchance to reap old age, a withered husk,
Unbeautiful, a sere and bloomless pod,
Dehiscent with the vital seed of God.
There's not an hour that calleth unto death,
But hath contributed to usefulness:
There's not a throb of this great human heart,
That doth not swell the arteries of soul.
Ah memory, I would not barter one
Full hour of now, for they chimeric dreams!
Youth hath its joys; manhood its splendid prime;
But best of all, age hath its steadfast poise,
Which Time's experience hath school'd to Faith;
Unflinching in the future's Light.

. . . . .

Between the yester and the morrow,
We walk to-day 'twixt night and night;
From past or future do not borrow,
Live in the now's effulgent light.

In youthful morning's golden story,
In mid-life's full, triumphant noon;
Gathering harvest, deeds of glory,
Unto the night that cometh soon.

. . . . .

If we but knew just when our ship would sail,
Would we be trim and ready for the gale?
If we but knew, how diff'rently we'd live;
How much more thought to readiness we'd give.

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If we but knew just where the struggles end,
Would we be harsh, or gentler measures lend?
Ah! if we knew how brief companioned here,
We'd give less cause to shed the bitter tear;
We'd prize each moment as it swiftly flew,
Nor fail one sweet good-night, if we but knew.

. . . . .

Go bring the fairest
  And the rarest,
Of all Nature's bloom the best;
  To weave a cover
  For your lover,
As we lay his clay to rest.

Come, verdant valley!
  Mountains rally!
To thy beautifiers' love;
  Come singing minions,
  On your pinions,
Waft his soul to realms above.

. . . . .

"In Paradisum deducant te Angeli!"

When flesh, like mortar, crumbles from its gauze,
Leaving the network of its basic frame;
How light that mesh-like Spirit must aspire,
Made aerial by severance from earth.

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I hope there'll be a sunset golden,
When I bid the world good-night:
I hope there will no leaden sky
Overcloud my failing sight;
I want to sail down the crimson west,
When the ocean rocks the sun to rest
And the stars shine out on evening's crest,
When I bid the world good-night.

I hope there will surge a flood of song
To banish every fear;
A crooning breeze 'mid the drowsy trees,
As the twilight cometh near:
I want to hear the nesting bird,
The tinkling bell of the homing herd;
A soothing voice and a tender word,
When I bid the world good-night.

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PART V.

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PART V

YOUTH

Seeking the rarest honey-bloom,
A bee came buzzing in my room;
And circling round the empty space,
Found of that bloom not any trace.
At last discouraged in the quest,
Against the window pane it prest.
All tenderly I freed the thing,
Which sped away on joyous wing;
Then sadly watched its flow'ry wend,
Wishing that I my soul might send,
Searching the gardens of the air
For my lost blossom, sweet and rare.

. . . . .

What a dreaminess comes o'er us
  When we're walking far afield;
And the verdant mead before us
  Renders of its fairest yield.

How the perfume of the flowers
  Freights the summer-drowsy breeze,
As it listens in the bowers
  To the humming of the bees.

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What a dreaminess and longing,
Stealeth o'er us as we pass;
Care-free moments, meadow-songing,
Where bright blossoms star the grass.

. . . . .

If you would sing, you must have something to ex-
[press;
An urgent longing, born of sweet or bitterness.

. . . . .

(Joyously the bells are ringing,
In the cloister, mass is singing;
Candles flicker round the altar,
While the monks o'er-chant the psalter:
Now the organ tones, sustaining,
Mingle with the priest's ordaining.

. . . . .

'Neath an aged oak's cool shelter,
Where the filmy shadows pelter,
And belated breezes dally
O'er the bosom of the valley.
Great heights above and deeps adown,
Rearward, towering mountains frown:
Before, a broad expanse of sky
Smiles o'er fair fields, with radiant eye.

Far yonder circling over height,
An eagle wings its lofty flight.

All silent save the restless flow
Of dashing waters far below.

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Such the scene our pilgrims' choosing
For their solitary musing.)

YOUTH

Last night, half waking from a dreamless sleep,
I seemed uplifted as in aerial flight.
An impulse unresistant urged me on,
Till in some strange new realm I seem'd astray.
Confusing visions passed my fancy, vague,
While my heart seem'd expectant of some joy
That like an impulse came and went anon,
Alternate o'er my nerves with chill and fire.
Once, with a rousing effort did I strive
To free my body from a strange embrace
That held my arms and limbs benumbingly,
And seem'd to stifle in a breathless spell.
Strange lights and shadows, intermittently
Passed o'er my slowly dawning gaze,
As in the light of slow returning thought.
Gazing between the focus of my lids,
I saw, as actual as life, more real,
Two radiant eyes that rested on my own.
I looked again, again, and oft again,
And ever did they meet my searching glance.
There's no mistaking whose they were, for I
Can ne'er forget the outline of her face.

Disturbed, upwrought by my experience,
I passed the night reclining oft to try

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From an recumbent attitude to view
The blessed face that gazed on me full oft,
Smiling with winsomeness beyond belief.
The vision vanished with dissolving night,
Leaving a loneliness within my heart.
'Twas but a dream, perchance, but beautiful!
Father,
Scarce could I wait to question your deep sense,
So hasten'd hither to obtain your views.
Was it the play of light on vision's nerves,
That, linked with strong desire, pictured her face?
If so, why, then, this after feel of glow
That emanates from my invested soul?

SEXTON

How strange this absent-presence. How replete
With conscious visitation from the gone.
Wherever is this unseen, mystic land,
'Tis not removed beyond discerning sense.
We see but terminals and not the beam—
And that we view is neither star nor light.

If it requires the concentrated rays
Of countless suns to irritate this eye
To sight, what seeing still remains unmasked!
If o'er our silence roars the clash of spheres,
What symphonies remain for man to hear!
If past our touch are things we cannot feel,
Why may not subtler, living souls exist,

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Identical with beings we have known,
Whose presences are real as we are tuned?

YOUTH

The brightest gem in all that cluster there,
That jewels heav'n in glowing beauty rare,
Must be her Soul, resplendent in its youth,
Immortal now, in Life's Eternal Truth.
When angels gather in seraphic glee
To voice the songs of Love's eternity,
From out the host, Her voice will lift its tone,
Calling from out the lost, my spirit lone:
The cadence rapt, I'll follow thru the night,
Until her loving glance dawns on my sight.
In that effulgent morn', all sorrow o'er,
I'll clasp her to my breast and grieve no more.

SEXTON

Think not it was an idle dream,
More real these dreams are than they seem!
Give thanks that you have been allowed
To gaze beyond death's mystic shroud.
Rejoice then, for your souls are nearing,
Shadows from your ways are clearing:
O! thou hast sought not love in vain,
And if you'd speak with her again,
Repair to yonder sheltered vale
When softly tunes the nightingale.
In silence then, while stars light o'er
Their tapers from fair Luna's shore,

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Await her coming in the night—
Aglow with phosphorescent light:
Soft as the night bird's falling note,
Her spirit then will earthward float.

YOUTH

O love! before I lost you, dear,
Beyond the limits of this sphere
I could not see.
But ever now, toward the skies
I gaze with upturned, longing eyes,
In search of thee.
Some day, I know, the clouds will part
And I shall hold you to my heart,
Eternally!

SEXTON

Think you, as the stream flows to the sea,
That it never will return?
Do you think that the ocean tides that sweep
Are lost in a viewless bourne?
Ah! not one drop of their flood is lost,
For it all returns again;
To the parching breast of mother earth,
In the rainbow and the rain.

YOUTH

Love proffered me a brimming cup—
Athirst I drank the nectar up:
Too deep alas, O bitter snare!
I found the dregs of parting there.

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Must I withdraw the parching lip
From this, my soul-reviving sip?
Or comes she now but to assure
That Life and Love for aye endure?

SEXTON

Sweet Faith rewards the trial'd heart,
And sweetens o'er the bitter part.
The dregs within the cup of Love
Are priceless jewels there above;
And they who drain Love's goblet deep,
The richer harvest There may reap.

'Tis sacrifice of every kind
That leads us our lost ones to find.
For one, 'tis love, another gold—
Each must give o'er what he does hold
Most dear, and pass it to the next:
This is the burden of life's text.
These virgin brooklets, laughing past,
Must kiss the salty sea at last.

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PART VI.

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PART VI

YOUTH

The sun, 'most hid by westward sweeping hills,
Reflects the splendor of its waning glow
In golden shafts athwart a cloud-isled sky,
Whose waking stars their radial glances glint
Upon tired day's last even'-hushed good-night.

Valeward, with silent tread, comes shadow-tide:
The winds are dead: the drowsy leaves droop still
And motionless.
The birds sing not, but nestward thrum their wings.
The owl, freed from its day-fast sleep, awakes,
And breathes upon the glen its call of night.
The bat weaves spectre-like between the trees
And frogs intone their melancholy chant,
Where bogs glow in the fleeting, pallid light.

Inspired by deep unrest, alone I wend
A narrow trail that winds far up the slope
From o'er whose slanting steep I view afar,
Day's night-inverted glance.

I gaze enraptured o'er the quietude
That folds so tranquilly the vales below.
The em'rald spread of fields: The shimm'ring slate
Of waters, winding thru the everglades.

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The bar-wise lights of yonder village, now
Align the hem of undulating hills.

Cumulous, the fluffy mists enfold
Yon sunset-ambered mountain peak:

The tinkle of toned bells cometh awaft,
From yonder meadow-browsing herd.

Anon I turn my urgent steps unto
My steadfast friends, the upaspiring hills.

Is it the spirit that doth urge
Us gently o'er the cliff's high verge,
Where gazing down into the deep,
We feel an impulse to o'erleap?

This upward trail is like the path of life,
A weary way we crutch along its course:
Now raptured in the glow of nature's bloom;
Now silent in the dead of winter's blight:
Accompanied but briefly, then—alone!

Our paths lead away thru life's forest,
O'er upland, thru valley and plain;
The trees are the years bearing fruitage,
And shelter in gladness or pain.

The leaves are the hours that are falling,
Some golden, some blighted and sear;
The blossoms are moments of glory,
And dewdrops their petals betear.

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The winds are the deep tides of fortune,
That revel at ebb or at height;
The song of the bird is the summons
That wakens us after the night.

. . . . .

As winds of now delete the yester's sands,
And rains dissolve the mountains and discharge
Their sediments upon the loamy plains,
Ripe pods, dehiscent, seed the virgin sod,
Whence rear forestal solitudes of thought.

Unlike yon tall sequoia whose pride
Salutes the glance of morning's prince of light,
Ye broad misshapen cedars that outreach
Your avid arms to grasp o'ermuch of air,
Are dwarfed and blunt with greed and selfishness.

Ye tender, clinging vines, how strong withal,
Yet in your leaning helplessness ye drag
To earth the sturdy saplings of the grove.

The modest fern's pinnated leaf unwinds
Its plumous ball to bear its weight of dew,
Which teaches us the burdens that we bear
Do stimulate the soul to higher growth.

Yon chipmunk contemplates me from his perch,
Then scampers timidly among the leaves;
As if instinct hath taught, beware of man!

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Thus frightful and unfriendly do we seem
To nature's inoffensive kind.
Malevolent and poison-spuming herbs
Their nauseous, malodorous fumes exhale,
A warning that we may resist their spell.
Far worse than these are perfumed buds that lure
Us unsuspectingly upon their sting:
As some insinuate into our lives,
Infuse between, and spoil our harmony.
Deceptive is this lofty atmosphere
And causeth us to oft misjudge our view
Of that mysterious and vague, called space.
Not above, not below us, but afar,
As if mere atoms on the plan of life,
Walk many who bethink they move with us:
And we oft think so, too, and grieve to view
Their circumstantial drifting out of range.
But 'tis a fact, we drift our destined way,
Each separate, dividual, alone.
Relationship's a shallow sentiment,
Save where it dwells in perfect harmony.
Love ringeth true and solemn as a chord,
Whose intervals are perfectly attuned.
Ah, friends!
Beware of o'er much hospitality:
There often lies some snare behind its mask.
The quest of pleasure leadeth to destroy;
And discontent a sister is to woe.

By clinging to the frivolous we err,

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E'en tho their light seems brighter than the True.
Beware the mood that craves exciting scenes:
That fevers to be foremost in the dance,
For show and not the urge of grace.
These are the unawaked whose frothy minds
Subsist upon the bubble's empty dream:
We pay the fiddler dearly for the dance.
Eternity should mingle as the light
In each and ev'ry pleasure of this life:
Let it lay hold within, that we may live
Devoutly joyful and divinely sad.
Joy is that ecstasy we feel to sense
The balmy effervesce of creeping spring:
The soft unfolding of the early bud,
When winter's chilling tide hath scarce retired.
Earth seems unfaithful in her promises:
The rainbow and the mountain peak deceive;
The sunbeam hath its cloud, the rain its sleet;
The bloom, the rivulet, the murm'ring winds;
The shadows and all else of Nature's own
Seem fickle as the season's changeful mood,
The twilight promises serene repose,
But dawn awakes to restlessness and strife.
The bubble of achievement leads us on,
But lo! the grave seems our finality.

Then let us fix our faith above deceit,
Nor trust our futures to uncertain fate:
We must ignore earth's dissipating views,
Work while we may and keep the mind aloft.

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The semiphores of space display their lights
To guide our thoughts unto exalted heights.

Now do I sense the feel' of steadfast calm
That settles o'er mid-summer's tranquil days;
When verdure fears nor frost nor storm,
And yester and tomorrow are the same.
We need this hopeful, trustful little span
To feather for the last autumnal flight:
Just as congested waters gather force
For their last leap into the great unknown;
These energetic streams, their labors o'er,
Repose erewhile upon the valley's breast;
Then ebb toward their deep finality.

A butterfly, joy laden, flutters by:
Too bright the day, too rich the way with bloom,
Each moment frivoled o'er a nectared cup,
Hath brought the night with creeping pace anear;
How soon its little day is spent!
The ants and bees, so diligent all day,
Are in their kingdoms snugly tuckt away:
Time wingeth heavier for them.

The snail that creeping leaves a slimy track,
Upon its back its dwelling ever trunds:
While it may frequent change its biding place,
The character must e'er remain the same.

O sense reputed owl, thy wisdom's vain:
Seeing but night thou hast no faith in day.

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The fabled sun, thy wing'd companions' songs;
Are thine to joy and yet thy reason scoffs.
While round about thee nature's beauties vie,
Thou seest them not with thy benighted eye—
E'en so, thou needst look wise, unwittingly.

The sense of some emotion new and vast,
Uplifts besodden thought on airy wing,
As urged by oft recurring themes, recalled
By each familiar object on my path,
I press ravineward t'ward a cavern's arch,
Where Time and Tempest in their constant wear
Have breached the earth into a mighty vault
O'er whose damp corridors the lichens cling,
Whose air is heavy with the mold of years.
Led inward by a vague, subconscious urge,
A fascination strange possesseth me;
And winding down a rough, declining path,
I pause, immersed within the cavern's night.
The grandeur of the lofty archivolts
I can but with my inward sight review:
The silence of the stone-upheaving walls
Weighs heavy on my sound-exploring ears.
Anon my steps dislodge a loosened rock,
That bounding, thrills the lifeless air and wakes
Wierd, voiceful echoes, like a hidden choir
Whose anthem dies upon some distant way.
How like some breasts
Whose empty halls are silent of response
Until outpressed by sorrow's tread.

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I pause to hear a gurgling brooklet tune
Its crystal drops to dripping melody.
A pale narcissus lifts its longing face
There close beside the mirror's holy font,
Oft dipping in its sacramental tide.
Thou pale and ardent bloom, oft we have mused
In our love's old, together days, upon
Thy more than cruel fate.

Oppressed by solitude and night, I turn
My gaze toward the outer sweep of sky.
Space hath o'erturned its starry cup and spilled
Its glints upon the robe of night:
The mellow moon diffuseth her soft glow,
Where, spreading like a sea before me rolls
The viewless waves from out God's mid-air deeps.
Great thoughts like fleet-winged messengers, o'ersail,
Cleaving with feathered prow my fluent soul.
How vast and how unsearchable is space!

I cast desire into its mighty sea,
  Where tideful reaches never cease;
And o'er the ebb that ripples back to me,
  There breaks a wave tranquil of peace.

I cast my thoughts far into starry space,
  Beyond the hushing western slope;
And sweet, an echo from that after place,
  Sings to my soul a song of hope.

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I cast despair into the yester-flow,
Where doubt and bitter pain are thrust;
And o'er me beams the full, enlambent glow,
Of that bright orb of perfect trust.

A faint, low whisper of an olden time
Lisps o'er the meditative now:
And hark! what melody is that
That weaves its theme into ecstatic song?
So languishing, so dulcet is its flow—
Ye aerial harps, are touched by unseen hands?
Whence are those tones, soft as a wafting breeze?
They call to mind as doth a perfumed breath,
A sacred moment of the past.

Art thou a songlet, straying? Or art lost
And murmuring unto the heedless pines?
If that be so, then stray no more; for I,
Receptive to your pure infiltrancy,
Do long to make your theme a part of me:
Be thou of earth or air, sweet Spirit, sing!
Breathe o'er again, the swan-song of my soul!

A melodized commingling of night winds
Sweeps thru the harmonizing forest reeds;
That swaying 'neath a deft, inspiring touch,
Send missioned forth the world's sublimest theme.
Hush thought! Mar not the sweet aeolian strain:
Be silent, heart, lest thou disturb the tune!
O pulse, suspend your throbbing for a while,

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That I may sense the sentient rhapsody,
Unhindered by the consciousness of life.

O touch my heart gently, sweet singer,
  Lest fond recollections awake;
Reviewing the visions long vanished,
  Reviving the tears and heartache.

O dwell not long on the cadence sad,
  Lest some treasured spirit arise;
A face that is now but a memory,
  Since lost to my o'erwistful eyes.

Intone not too fervently, singer,
  For the slumbering yester's sake;
Pass the yore-waking words o'er quickly,
  Lest my heart 'neath the old strain break.

O lend to thy mood more abandon,
  Trip lightly some wave-winging lay;
But glow not the embers, O singer,
  That have smouldered many a day.

My thoughts in high ecstatic sweep, alert
Unto the inward flow of leav'ning life,
Begin to soar subjectively aloft,
O'er all objective and material.
Intuitive, I seem to hold at once
All senses primed unto the hereward trend

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Of some occurrence that doth fix my soul.
A presence unmistakable and real,
Seems hovering, tho viewless, round about.

My yearning arms outreach unto the sky
And with the force of tense, up-pent desire,
I call upon all space to render back
To me that dearer self, so sweet, since lost;
Which like a chord dropt from my melody,
Hath left life's theme unsingable.

"Long lost!
Could you return to me, anear and now
My lonely solitude to cheer;
Could I but feel your breath upon my brow
And with these eyes behold you, dear.
Could you but come, beloved, my joy would sing
A song, would flame thy spirit heart;
'Twould woo thee from angelic minis'tring
And we should never, never part."

Naught but the echoes of my voice respond
To break the placid stillness of the night.
Yet scarce my last sigh dies, when soft as air,
A cooling breath across my temples breathes;
And then a hand, more gentle than the breeze,
Is softly laid upon my burning cheek.
A nervous wonderment possesseth me,
As mingled doubts and vague forebodings sweep

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Like misty phantoms from some vapored grot.
I feel no terror such as you might think
Would seize one in this most uncommon hour,
But with desire renewed I do invite
The soothing ministrant appear again.

"Come, lay thy hand upon my heart
And stay the faintness there;
I need the tonic of thy touch,
I need thy buoyant air.

O lend the music of thy speech
To my o'erburdened ear,
And lull the tumult of my thoughts
With words I long to hear."

O soul! If such thou art and hov'ring near,
From out thy viewless state to me appear!

Sinking upon a rock beside the way,
Wherefrom the landscape opens wide to view;
I watch the reflex of the passing day,
And meditate upon a new-found sense.
A sense that seems to lift on soaring wing
Above the common dreaminess of rest:
An airy buoyance whose exquisite mood
Treads tinted atmospheres from height to height;
Till like a mist awaft upon the wind
My soul pursues an ever onward course,

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Cleaving soft dews in sweetly perfumed show'rs
That speed to bathe some bright celestial dawn.

Departing night now ushers graying morn,
As o'er a murm'ring rivulet I pass;
Anear whose tide, in meditative mood,
'Mid memories of golden hours so bright
They cast around the radiance of dawn,
Sits she whom my lone spirit seeks.

Lest my drear shadow cloud her happiness,
I hold aloof and watch her from afar,
Till, sensing my rapt presence she bestirs,
And wafting to my arms, meets my embrace.

Half-fainting from o'erwhelming joy, I weep,
Till her warm lips dry ev'ry springing tear,
And leading me unto a bower'd grot,
She bids me rest upon her breast awhile,
Ere we do stray anon as lovers may,
O'er Heav'ns elysian garden ways.

As storm spent mariner beholds the shore—
Or thru the mist the saving lighthouse gleam—
As soul greets soul after the pain of death,
So my emotion fain would compass her,
But spends its joy in wordless utterance.

Tuned to the ripple of a joyous brook,
We dally 'neath a leaf-embowered bough

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That swings song-laden in the fragrant breeze;
Hearing soft melodies while lip to lip,
Our Spirits thrill in love's divine embrace.

With tenderness she holds me to her breast,
The while her breath doth cool my burning lips.

O rapturous moment,
  O joy unrepressed!
Enfolded, encradled,
  Upon thy fond breast.

Thus soul in soul wafted,
  In ecstatic flight,
Love's heavenly splendor
  Enfloods us with light.

O thus I could perish—
  Or live—as it be;
On earth thus enheavened,
  Uplifted by thee.

Now moving t'ward desire, instinctively,
We press thru everglades of green-lit vines:
Pass busy grottos where the hum of life
Throbbing the living centers of high space,
Fulfills, on earth, the rapt inventor's dream.
Thence into regions of sublime delight
Where inspiration wends in crystal tides,

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Breaking into unnumbered beams upon
The unresponsive heights of human thought.
Thence into silence, deep, delicious, calm,
Wherein we muse on love's together days:
Recalling all the raptures of our yore,
Till on the wings of our past joys, replete,
We soar to blisses so divinely rapt,
No human measure may describe or feel:
Thence into dreamland's most exquisite mood.

The waves of snowy clouds rim into spray
Upon the shimm'ring sands of airy seas,
Dewing the air with phosphorescent mist,
O'ervaporing the higher atmospheres
Whose starry regions lend their soft'ning glows.

Lifting horizonward like billow'd Alps,
A range of mountains rims the western sky,
And varied atmospheres inlay their mists
O'er peak and crag and deeply cavern'd cleft.
'Neath calciums of everchanging light,
On winds adrift, and falling silently,
The aerial gardens shed their floral glows,
And shimm'ring petals fall like tinted snows,
Till ev'ry summit yields a diff'rent hue,
And perfumes waft like incense on the air.

These are the dawns and twilights of this sphere,
Wherein the combined rays of heaven's suns,
Reflect the ultra-violet of light,

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Which is less bright than day and softer than
The silvery pallor of earth's moonlit night.

. . . . .

I wake unto the clang of distant bells
And feel her lips still pressing on mine own;
As bending o'er me she doth hold my soul
Rapt in the thraldom of her radiant eyes.
Such orbs as one might glimpse thru that dim haze
Of half awakened senses after sleep.

. . . . .

Reviving from the swooning of o'erjoy,
We wander forth into the starry night:
Scarce do my arms release her, nor do I waste
One golden moment's bliss, tho I do crave
To hear of that far-distant Spirit land
Whose border she hath crossed.
What better proof of our hereafter state
Than her warm lips, whose sweet response I feel?

Awhile we wander, almost waftingly;
Our souls communing in a speechless truce.
Then seated on a rock that overhangs
The verdant valley and the sleeping glades,
We watch the sphere-light spangle in the spray
Of dashing rivulets, while joyously
In glowing words, she stories of beyond:

SHE

The hush of death is so exceeding deep,
A dreamless meadow 'tis, that lies between

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The sun-kissed world and heav'ns elysian groves.
But blest the waking, past its silent tide:

We breathe upon the air a breath;
It disappears—you call it death:
What then is death? A grewsome word
For pleasant journey, long deferred.

The juggler but deceives our sight;
The coin is passed from left to right;
And that which we no longer see
Becomes to us a mystery.

I viewed my corse in sleep profound.
I knew the features set, were mine,
I knew the form's ill-wasted line;
And pangs of pity swept my heart,
From that dear servant to depart.
I pressed the lips of ashen grey,
And turned from where by body lay.
It seemed to me that I had cast
A garment by, whose use had passed:
And then, care-free and thrilling deep,
My soul began its upward sweep.
As my vibrations, more refined,
Made coarser objects less defined,
The earth translucent as the sky,
Unbosomed to my raptured eye;
Revealing wonders I had ne'er
Experienced nor could compare.

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Vibration seems the princip' that evolves
From viewless chaos to material:
These rocky cliffs that seem a solid mass,
Are nothing more than atoms unified.
If you could gaze with sight as keen as mine,
Into the mountain's pulsing fountainhead,
You would remark its strange anatomy.
Great arteries of ore wind from its heart;
Nodules of nerve centres sense the thrill
Of Heaven's masterful intelligence.
Unsightly monsters, as bacilli writhe
And battle in the earth's florescent flesh;
While fevers burn, unquenchable, beneath
The healthful aspect of the mountain's glow:
And tears, deep fountained, sear their hoary cheeks.
Coarse substances evaporate like mist,
When view'd from this hereafter perfectness.
The soul, vibrating from the Master Mind,
Refined, unshackeled from material,
Defies all matter, for it is but naught.
God-given sight, which sees through mind alone,
May penetrate these spheres, unknown to flesh:
Thus, tho life's spark depart within a room
Whose walls are stone, all tightly sealed between;
It meets no more resistance than in air:
Impediments obstruct the mortal eye,
But not the all-wise majesty of Mind.
That I appear as I do now to thee
Is not remarkable, when once we know
The principle which governs Spirit life.

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Intuitive, thought may communicate
With those departed, should we so desire;
And may return with wondrous dreams impressed.

Thus, when you come to me as now, we must,
Through your desire and mine, upgather force,
As draws the magnet its affinity.
The pow'r to heal is of the Spirit's sphere,
Whose fountain floweth from Almighty God.
The true import of Christ's example was
The demonstration of this after-Life:
His was the Master-hand that forged our link
Into the chain of Immortality.

It is not possible for those of earth
To stay a soul's progression past the grave.
The Spirit's upawaking to new life
Sees clearly solved its purposed mystery.
Whatever interest in earth remains
Frets not the mind in its illumined view:
Clouds are below; the heavens do not weep,
But lend their azure to day's hopeful glance.
Your sorrows and your errors are not seen,
For purity sees naught but good.
It is our privilege to aid the struggling ones,
But cannot enter into their distress:
Once we have passed the gates, earth binds no more;
Its vain delusions we have left without:
Seeing aright, how can we sorrow more?
We view the body as the rainbow tints

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Discover to your gaze the unseen mist:
Or as the wire with oscillating pulse
Doth clothe its pulsing thread with harmony
Distinctive of its kind and temperament.
The aura emanation of the soul
Draws round it quick'ning particles aweave;
Constructing veinous matter to its form,
Awire with sensitives that telegraph
The great Life center from external cause.

This center, strong in spirit mastery,
Rejects all messages that might destroy,
As one would sort the tare from out the grain.
The censorship of mind is man's defense,
And death his metamorphoses.
The spirit being deathless fades from view,
Just as the sun lifts from the viewless mist,
The tints that made it visible.
The mist is there tho ye behold it not.

As thou wert my whole heart's concern on earth,
So art thou still my lum'nous star, my goal.
Since that rapt moment thou didst teach me love,
I've had no wish but to be shrined in thee:
This is a woman's highest aim: But oft,
Indifference and scorn have driv'n her mad,
And set adrift, she hath no aim, no will,
But like a leaf upon a changeful wind,
She flutters to the sheaf of blighted hopes.
I know scarce more of other realms than you,

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"For God's great wisdom is unsearchable."
I have but crossed the threshold and can see
With clearer understanding past the grave.
Ye should not seek these portals thru the aid
Of those who seem to have an occult pow'r:
Grave dangers lurk beneath external means;
The danger of an all-combating doubt.
Ye mortals are but weaklings after all,
And demonstrate within a narrow sphere.
There is but one true medium thru whom
We may commune in perfect trust and whence
Inflows the spirit of unquestioned Truth:
And that source is our own upyearning heart;
Where, in the silence of our soul's retreat, we feel
The inspiration of unending Life.

YOUTH

(As night uplifteth on the wings of day,
There overwafts the chill of dewy air.
A mighty tumult rages in my breast;
A trembling consciousness of anguish deep,
Like that which thrills when last we kiss
The silent lips and feel the fleeting breath.
I know our parting hour has come again
And 'twixt despair and hope my senses flit.
I cannot part from her again and yet—
The look of calm compassion on her face
Revives my sinking soul as thus she speaks:)

SHE

I hear a summons from the land of dreams

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And into viewless thought I must resolve.
How soon wilt thou forget what thou hast seen?
How soon outlive the mem'ry of tonight?

Creation lifts its voice in praise of Him!
Look to the east; behold that mellow glow:
Soon it will dim the moon's decrescent light;
Upgath'ring shadow in its gorgeous flood,
With onward sweep 'twill gild the east with dawn!

Hark! Hear you not a music purer far
Than mortal inspiration yet hath framed?

(The many-tinted blossoms wound
Their chordant colors into sound,
And as they slowly ope'd their eyes,
The softest music 'gan to rise:
The dewdrops, quiv'ring from their lips,
A cadence wove in prismic drips;
Commingling with the melody
That swept across eternity.)

The worldly wise will call this all a myth,
Questioning the soundness of your mind.
Each day ye crucify your Christ with doubt;
But He is nearer to the heart than to the head,
And blest are they who find Him in a tear.
We know He lived and healed, then why conceal
The post-climax of His symbolic life,

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That He arose and walked again with men.
O! is it fear, all ye who read His word?
Why do ye doubt and say, "We do not know?"

Oblivion is the ash of despair;
Eternity's the blossom of desire:
I am desire and I will lead you on.
I am thy goal. If thou but follow me
Unspeakable the joy awaiteth thee!
Be brave; this breast doth throb but to repay
In perfect fullness ev'ry sacrifice.
I go, yet I depart not from your life:
Tho to your vision I may not appear,
Yet, thou shalt view me in the absolute;
For I will dwell forever in your heart.
Go bravely forth;
Turn sorrow into gladness and assail
Life's mighty problems with undaunted will:
Obey thine inmost promptings, tho alone
You stand. One steadfast soul redeemeth all.

No evil shall assail thee,
No ill thy house abide;
Christ's spirit will avail thee,
A sure and steadfast guide.

But shouldst thou crave companionship with me;
Desire it with thy pure unswerving love;
Then will I come, your monitor and guide.

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O ask with thy deep earnestness and He
That holdeth not the faithful ones apart,
Will grant unto our beings unity.
There are no barriers between the spheres,
Save those upreared by unbelieving man.
Alas, how few aspire beyond the last farewell!
Unbosomed there so wide the gates of grief,
The dove of faith in solitude repines,
To hear again the wooing voice of love.
If we would mingle, Spirit and mortal,
Your soul must cleave to mine in constancy.
For I will prove
No fanciful and fleeting paraclete:
Not shadowy unreal, but tangible.
'Twill test the constancy of mortal love
And prove the fixture of unswerving faith.
Think o'er it well, then shouldst thou so desire,
I'll come; if not, I'll wait thy journey hence.
Good-night! A little while and we shall meet,
A little further on, dear wanderer,
And you will scale the heights into my arms.

Give heed unto thy dreams, for I attend
Unconsciousness to waken thee betime.

YOUTH

(She vanishes from my pursuant gaze,
Tho her rapt spell still holds me in its thrall.
I hear the gleeful shout of children's play;
Their songs o'erflowing with their guileless joy;

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Unbroken, save by exclamations rapt,
Of long absented dear ones, new restored.
One constant murmur of delight o'ersweeps
The meadows of the sun-kissed border-land:
Commingling with the clasp of greeting friends,
Our sphere conjoineth with glad revelry.

Passing as if upon a trackless way,
A host of reflects from the Spirit realm
Move undeterminedly, as if they still
Preferred to linger near to lowly earth.
They vanish in the shadows of the glade;
These are the unawakened, seeking still.

I seem to view afar into that realm,
And all there do appear of mortal mold:
Each seeming to pursue some special thought,
As if in full continuance, inborn,
Of earth aroused desire. But most I mark
The countenance of each seems to have lost
The pinch of care, as safe beyond the fear
Of life's uncertain end. Now light as air
Two spirit lovers waft in fond embrace:
The souls' sublimest passion I can trace
In that long kiss that holds them face to face.
And then,
As if a great cathedral, music filled,
Had burst awide its sound-restraining walls,
There comes upon me o'er the lovers' wake
A flood of most exquisite harmony.

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The air is vibrant with the rhapsody
Of nature's voices all commingled in
The chant of joyous, Spirit bands:
Infusing as one instrument whose keys
Were fingered with the mastery of God.

This is the motive of enharmoned Life,
And follows wheresoe'er True lovers stray.

I fain would join that grand recessional,
But gentle hands do motion me away.
Then fainter and more distant, fading quite,
The concourse swerves toward the open sky:
The music softens to a whisper, low,
Leaving an echo 'mid the murm'ring pines.
The mists begin to lift their curtains white,
And dark ravines merge on the valley's breast,
Lifting green billows to yon snowy crest.

The sun sweeps in between the distant heights,
And morning woos my Spirit back to earth.)

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PART VII.

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THOU SHALT WAKEN

PART VII

Deep in the forest's tinted halls,
Rondolently the waterfalls
Asperse the battered boulders grey,
That curve the brooklet's winding way.
The wood-cock drums a reverie
Upon a hollow maple tree:
Riant zephyrs rake the glade,
In rustling sheafs the leaves are laid.
Fair Autumn, twilight of the year,
How like Spring's morn your tints appear;
Yet, art thou not the after-glow
That marks the winter's hereward flow?

YOUTH

The Sexton's journeys shorter grow,
His tread more faltering and slow;
He leaneth heavy on my arm—
Indeed, it fills me with alarm
To see his eyes fixed distantly,
As in absenting reverie.

. . . . .

Old age is nodding on the brink,
Where life to fairer dreams doth sink.

. . . . .

The distant walks, once his delight,
Are traveled but in mental flight:

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The dells, the hills and wooded ways
He wanders o'er in thoughtful gaze.
From his soft pillow'd easy chair
He drinketh in the landscape fair,
Oft bending ear to hear the song
That wafts from out the forest's throng.
Oft I have moved him, in the night,
Close to the window where the light
Of waning moon hath kissed his hair,
Leaving stray spangles glowing there.

. . . . .

How oft at night, o'er heaven's ebon field,
We've watched the stars come trembling thru.
Or when too feeble he to write,
From his rapt lips I would indite
Some thought from that deep astral tide,
Where vital reasonings abide.

Thus deeply tranced his Spirit wings,
Hearing seraphic melodies.
"Whence are those sounds that thrill the tranquil [night?
What rhythmic cadence borne from yonder height?
It grandly falls upon my raptured ears:
Is it a requiem of passing spheres?

Each orb alert, doth mark God's rhythmic beat,
And with full voice they swell the chorus meet;
As gath'ring round the radiant stars rehearse,
God sets the tempo of His universe.

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The lucent ether jars the astral shafts,
And o'er the earth an heav'nly music wafts:
Is it a dirge o'er Bethlehem's lost star
That falls from out the glowing regions far?

Sing on! O, sing! majestic choirs above;
Waft me the theme of His eternal love:
Ring! Joyful ring! from out the gladdened skies,
Till o'er the night my Spirit doth arise.

Recall me not from my ecstatic spell,
My soul shall find Thee, Star I love so well!
Soon I will join you o'er yon azured bars,
Thou mighty choir of love-enharmoned stars."

. . . . .

Some days I've watched the Sexton's face with dread,
And marked the pallor o'er his features spread.

SEXTON

Come, my son, sit close beside me,
I've a wish I would confide thee:
Your fortitude this hour requires,
Ere long, my lamp of life expires.
The twilight gathers o'er my way,
I soon shall greet eternal day.

My sun long past its mortal median,
I feel the shadow'd twilight's swift approach:
The tumult softens into starry hush,

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My eyes begin to feel the drowse of sleep.
As weary childhood nods in slumber's hour
Soon unresistingly I shall repose.

Stay thy vain tears, thou art Awake!
Thine eyes have seen; thy Spirit feels!

The dying never weep!
But gazing t'ward some distant land,
Their life ebbs out like grains of sand
That seaward creep.

The dying never weep!
As clouds along the eastern bourne
Await the burst of golden morn;
They do but sleep.

Our parting shall but transient be,
For thoughts commune eternally.

. . . . .

A wish I have, concerns me deep,
And ere my Soul hath quit its keep,
I fain would this one thought confide
Before I launch on even's tide:
It is that you not linger here
In this self-shrinking atmosphere.
You are acquaint with problems deep
And should speak out nor silence keep;

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You must launch forth into the world,
Where learning's challenges are hurled.
Contact with the argumentive kind
Doth round and broaden out the mind.
Go make a wake, and like the gull
Success will hover round your hull:
O'er tranquil waters, one strong wave
Doth set the surface all arave:
Strike deeper where the sullen flood
Needs an infusion of new blood.
There plant the Truth and let it shine,
Whatever fate be counted thine.
Know, too, that fear is not a fact,
So may it never prompt an act:
Do thou, and dare and do not pause
To listen for the world's applause.

If you depend on human power
To help you, you will rue the hour;
'Tis work, not sterling worth alone,
Can place you surely on the throne.
Sequacious mortals are oft led astray:
Too wavering and unreliant they,
Following blindly, whether wrong or right,
Their oracle that showeth its small light,
Learn to construe the right and stand for it!

However strange, 'tis unfortunately true
That fiction hath effaced the deep regard
That credence owes to things mysterious;

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That superstition is an instrument
On which the fictioners have learned to play
Their tunes, sensational and ghostly wierd.
Thus Spirit means unto the callow mind
A something frighting to behold.
How far from that perfection God devised,
Ye chose to live, unmindful of His word!
Ye could dwell nearer those who have passed on,
Were ye in true accord with His desire.
Spirit is an indefinable life,
Discernible to some, to others not:
Denied by those who have not Seen nor Felt.
It is not subject to material,
Suggestion or any other ism.
It sleeps until awakened thoughtfully,
Or in that great release from anchorage,
Called death.
It sweeps aloft in strength; in feebleness
It soars no farther than its wings may lift.
We know the way no farther than we've flown,
And then we've passed o'er many a Truth.
Numbers have had visions and have oft seen
With mortal sight, these way-lost travelers,
Not full aroused from all their doubts, yet bound
To matter that did please perverted view;
Lost in the vagaries of mortal mind.

Tho Spirit is Immortal, vague,
'Tis fixed, not volatile, tho aeriform:
'Tis no mere apprehension of the mind,

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Nor an eduction of unbalanced thought.
Distinct from temporalities, it Is,
And quickeneth the life of man.

Inaudant, o'er some impulse to the ear,
The Spirit's voice descends upon the mind:
Tuning the harp to charming harmony,
More rich with import of the Life to come
Than all the noisome reasonings of men.

"We are promised an heritage of peace:"
The poor man thinks to find it in great wealth;
The rich man strives to find it in bequest:
The artist and the artisan alike,
Are feverish in their inventive zeal:
All labor cries up from oppressive stress.
There is but one release from discontent;
It is contained in those sweet words of peace,
And each may share it equally withal:
'Tis coming with each hereward throb of Time,
Whose gentle stroke mows down the varied yield.
Let each one strive to bear his burden well,
Building upon that heritage beyond,
And not the morrow's unreal promises.

Enchanted by life's bright, alluring glare,
We love it tho it sears our precious souls.
From day to day we feel securely strong,
And build upon the future's treach'rous sands.

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O, wise forethought that made uncertain time
To scarcely whisper of Fate's mystery;
Folding the hereward moment's message from
Man's arrogant and all too heedless view.

When wealth is scattered in employment's sphere,
Industry sparkles with increasing light,
And progress smiles o'er feud and discontent;
A peaceful safeguard to aspiring zeal.

These periods of blighting want are born
Of man's perverted, selfish view of needs.
God made enough, that each might share alike;
But some ordain that they should have it all.
The clash of arms will not aright the wrong;
The remedy is generosity.

To kindly impulse lend thy gentlest speech;
Constrain thy thoughts to do no person ill:
There's more of good than bad in ev'ry heart;
But our opinions misconstrue intent.
Men are not equal, but of equal worth:
Great possibilities endow each breast;
And purpose, not possession, makes the man.

With a deep sympathy I'd reach into
All solitary lives, bereft of love;
Uplift with tenderness the drooping heart:
Inspire with vital warmth congealing blood.

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I'd shine upon the yearnings, drear and lone,
Of unrequited and o'ercrowded life;
Where too much else doth fill the mind for peace,
And blest companionship is lost in self.
Accursed destroyer thou, Indifference,
How much of woe doth underlie your calm!
The gods admonish and the angels weep,
Still drags your egoistic maelstrom down,
Forever down!

O'erview the world as from an lofty height;
Above its follies, ills and temporalities.
Quaffing its beauties, O despise vain zeal,
As one that hath the painful lesson learned:
Thou and thy Spirit, one in realms of Light,
Find no real pleasure save within the Soul.
Attend thy dearest friend, sweet Suffering,
And tune your harp to rhapsodies of peace.
Go lend thy voice and sympathies to woe,
But scorn the phantom of vain, selfish greed.
Bespeak the shallows of the mighty deep:
Turn stagnant waters into living streams.
Go mingle with your fellows, but beware,
Thou dost not learn to serve their god, Conceit.

I have awakened from dull sleep to dream
Such dreams no dreamer ever dream'd beyond.
Wherein, the Soul accomplishing its Will,
Took full possession of Life's energy.
The search for Truth hath turned my gaze within,

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So fixing thought, my soul hath found its own,
Sweeping with rapt volition t'ward its goal.
Thou, too, by slow, but unresisting drift,
Oh world, shalt waken from dogmatic dusk
To find the everlasting spark is Will—
The hills have found Him in the valley's hush—
The streams have found Him in their seaward rush—
While I have found Him in deep solitude:
I sought within the beam and found the Sun.
I sped a wish unto the realms of space,
And it returned with tidings of sweet grace:
Be patient till your message comes, and then
Speak out, that all may hear and heed.

Pursue thy course as an way-faring guest
That any moment may pass further on,
Who so disposes his estate some joy
May light upon his fellow travelers.
Talk sparingly. Listen attentively;
Being unmoved by hateful, bitter speech.
Beware lest reaching out too earnestly,
You call upon your head, man's frailties.
Seek out the True and finding, hold it fast.
Give sympathy; accept, but ask for none.
Reserve thy heart for thine affinities,
Placing your trust above capricious self.
Beware of those that glibly comprehend:
Of seers of occult and foretelling sense;
Their readings suit but transitory moods,
And e'er offend the dignity of Will:

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Each must expand thru dear experience.
Ask thine own Spirit of the future's store;
Be captain—master of thy craft.
Know every rope and sail's capacity:
Minding the helm of thought with steadfast poise;
And when in stress of wrecking doubt, obey
The promptings of thy Monitor within:
Thy Spirit will direct thee safe to port.

. . . . .

It ever has been my desire
That when at last I should expire,
Fit disposition I might make
Of my old body past the break
Of the subjective from its coil,
And leave it not to common spoil.
In yonder cloister 'tis decreed
That they who from their faith secede,
May not repose within their field;
For fear that some contamning stain
May defeat their heavenly gain.

Since you are all that I have left,
Of brotherhood and all bereft;
I do consign unto your care,
This body when no life is there:
Dispose this husk where'er you may,
It is but dross, unfeeling clay,
And has been naught e'er since I found
The Truth that healed its ev'ry wound.

Digitized by Google

O, where more gentle hands than thine,
To close these drowsy lids of mine!

. . . . .

Could I choose where my wings to try,
'Twould be upon a cloudless sky;
When Nature dreams her rarest dreams,
And bloom-decked branches arch the streams,
There would I fly!

No stifling room my pinions fold,
No winding sheet my freedom hold;
Unbind my tethered Soul, perchance,
With all creation for expanse:
Then would I fly!

. . . . .

Go build a raft of timbers meet
And ere too feeble grow my feet,
Assist me to my rustic bed;
Let mossy pillow rest my head.
Then when the sun hath tipped the west,
And rims the clouds with golden crest;
When evening's lamps swing out aloft,
Unbind and let my ark drift soft
And silent on the river's breast,
Toward the ocean of sweet rest:
'Tween branches arching, side to side,
Within the shadows, let me glide.

Thus launched upon a tranquil sea,
Eternal tides may trundle me,

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'Mid calm and tempest t'ward the Isle
That lies beyond the afterwhile.

Wait not too long before we sail;
I am impatient for the gale:
I'd fain be well upon my way
Ere morning wakes another day.

Far away I hear them calling,
  Angel voices sweet and low;
And I hear their chorus singing,
  Soft and slow, so soft and slow.

How divine the heav'nly music
  Falls upon my raptured ear;
Fills my inmost sense with longing,
  Sounding clear, and ever near.

Far away like stars unnumbered,
  Wends a radiant spirit band;
I can hear the glad bells ringing,
  Happy land, bright, happy land.

I am coming! I am coming!
  Open wide the mercy gates,
I shall soon be singing with you,
  And the joyous thought elates.

Digitized by Google

(To carry out his wish, I spend
My leisure at the river's bend;
Cutting and hewing from the glade
Until his rustic ark is made.
Then o'er the logs, securely bound,
Weave cypress branches all around:
The tinted maples braiding through,
To brighten o'er the sombre hue.
Upon the prow a cross I rear
Of immortelles, his sight to cheer:
Make fast a sturdy helm astern,
To guide us round the river's turn.
The raft completed then I moor
It to the gently sloping shore,
Where silent eddies playful glide
From out the river's flowing tide.

. . . . .

The sun has just commenced to fall
Upon the lowlands' western wall:
October's chilling ev'ning breeze,
Scatters the dead leaves from the trees.

. . . . .

Up the lofty mountains faintly
Lifts the chant of chorus, saintly;
And to the organ's solemn march
The monks file slowly 'neath the arch
Of yonder fading, spectral wall,
To worship in the cloister's hall.

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I pause a moment at the latch
Of the old Sexton's lowly thatch,
And softly press the creaking door.
A shadow sweeps across the floor:
Waiting a moment as I heard
His soul to fervent pray'r was stirred.

Conquering my deep emotion
In a spirit of devotion,
I kneel down softly by his side;
Open the dark'ning shutters wide.
The sun is laying tints of rest
Upon the altars of the west.
Released, the fluffy mists afloat,
Enwrap the eve' with ermine coat.
Swift riding in upon the breeze,
The crisp air stings the sighing trees,
Beading their boughs with dewy globes
That spangle on the twilight's robes.

The pouting river languid waits
The moon that yonder cliff belates;
And kissed by day's soft, slumb'rous glance,
Faint blushes on the ripples dance.

His face glows with the pallid light
Of ethereal visions bright.

He lifts his slender hand to bless,
And on my brow his fingers press.

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He craves to be alone awhile:
I go, but mark his gentle smile
That beams just as the cadence thrills,
Of the Angelus, o'er the hills.

Echoes cleave the ambient air
And nature bows in silent prayer.

As music in his soul awakes
His voice upon the silence breaks:)

SEXTON

O render me some melody,
  Upheld with chords divine;
Unwind some impulse of your soul,
  Enweave it into mine.

O lend the strings a pressure soft,
  Sustaining, clear and deep;
In tenderness weave in a tear—
  Play on! I fain would weep.

Play on and let the great chords ring!
  Press out the surging swell;
Then soften to a faint low hush,
  Like distant, dying bell.

And if you have a tender voice,
  Express one golden word
That shall fall on my listn'ing ear,
  The sweetest ever heard.

Digitized by Google

Then leave me, with the lights adim,
While flooding fancies swoon;
With the infinitude beyond,
My thoughts would fain commune.

YOUTH

(Like gentle billows that caress the shore,
Emotion's surge doth break upon my heart;
And inundates with ever-pressing tide,
These sun-parched sands of solitary life.

. . . . .

Fearing to break his raptured spell
I wait until the tolling bell
Hath hushed beyond the ebbing tide;
He calls, I hasten to his side.)

SEXTON

Come hither, son; my hour is near,
And you must lead me to my bier
Before my life escapes the cleft,
While this last flush of strength is left.
Lend me your arm, O ever true!
This pray'r shall now ascend:

Softly the night winds
Fan amid the flowers;
The gathering shadows
Mark the passing hours.

Digitized by Google

The moonbeams quiver
  Gently from above;
All earth and heaven
  Speak the Savior's love.

Father be near us
  Thru the coming night;
Guide our Spirits to
  The realms of Light.

O for the many
  Weary souls athirst,
From dark'ning clouds may
  Floods of blessings burst.

Give to the homeless
  Shelter in Thy heart;
Let not the tempted
  From Thy path depart.

Unto my weakness
  Lend a helping hand,
And safely guide me
  To the Morning Land.

. . . . .

I'll give one parting glance around,
O'er this enhallowed bit of ground.
Farewell! thou dark encloistered hall!
Farewell! thou sombre, silent wall!

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Good-night, dear brothers of the hood;
Above, all creeds are understood!
I now must fare the mystic way,
From whence devoted never stray.

Out from the shadow of the cross,
Casting my burdens away;
I'm passing from all that is dross,
Leaving this casket of clay.

Out from the crude, unfinished life,
On into one just begun;
A pause in the struggle and strife,
Seeing the goal nearly run.

Launched on the silent, vast unknown,
With never a fear nor dread;
Gentle hands are guiding my own,
Ethereal paths I tread.

Death's but the sigh of fleeting breath,
The changing of steeds o'er night:
Release from the thraldom of wrong,
Into the freedom of Right.

. . . . .

Free as winged thought the astral springs,
And mounts to Heaven on fleet wings:
Assist me now, to my last bed,
Where winds this fragile, earthly thread.

Digitized by Google

(Slowly the hill we mutely passed;
Each falt'ring step did seem his last.

Upon the raft
At last I place him, tenderly,
To dream his final reverie,
Tossed on the river's bosom, light,
Awaiting for the hour of flight.

My faithful skiff I place in tow,
That when I leave him I may row,
When we dissever on the main,
Safely unto the shore again.

Just as the young moon 'gins to climb,
The Sexton beckons that 'tis time,
And severing the ropes that bind,
We slowly down the river wind.

With barge and pole,
Light o'er the shoal,
We glide, we glide;
The crystal stream
Whirls in a dream,
And wide, and wide.

The trees bend o'er
The sloping shore,
And dip, and dip,

Digitized by Google

The current bends
The leafy ends,
  That skip, that skip.

The fish below
Dart to and fro,
  And leap, and leap;
While round the bend
We slowly wend,
  O'er deep, o'er deep.

A startled deer
From tangle near,
  Takes flight, takes flight,
O'erleaps the ground
With graceful bound,
  So light, so light.

We pass the steep
Where brooklets leap,
  Awhirl, awhirl;
And dash with spray
Their mossy way,
  And purl, and purl.

The day sinks low
With golden glow,
  So bright, so bright;
And shadows creep:
Adown the steep
  Comes night, comes night.

Digitized by Google

The moon sails o'er
With silver lore,
  Of beams, of beams;
Casts them away
O'er slumb'ring day,
  And streams, and streams

SEXTON

How blest, permitted thus to die,
Night's fairest visions passing by.

Hark! 'tis the vesper chanting, clear,
Upon the drowsy atmosphere.
Soft lights from out the cloister flush,
Then vanish into deep'ning hush.

A watchful shepherd guards his flock,
That slumbers round, on yonder rock;
While countless stars press thru the sky,
And twinkle o'er with brilliant eye.

Now the kaleidoscopic scene
Fades where the mists creep in between.

The little streams, with varied drip,
Their tinkling, rhythmic cadence trip;
Weaving a song into night's woof,
As raindrops thrum the pattered roof:
Then prattle on their bubbling way,
A sheen of moon-enbrightened spray.

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We sweep the rapids quickly o'er
'Neath brushing branches close to shore,
Where wild impulsive waters rush,
Whose murmurs fainter grow and hush
An echo on the wind's low breath,—
O melancholy calm of death.

Why doth the note of sadness
Pervade the gayest song?
Why grows the singer silent,
As life steps quickly along?

Why that contra melody,
Distracting the dreams that surge?
Behind the gay musician
Stands Death, and he plays a dirge!

What peace it is indeed, to drift,
While heav'nly hands reach down to lift
My soul up thru the fleeting night,
Unto eternal realms of light.

What melody doth charm my ear!
Descending out the atmosphere.

As the fragrant breath of morning
Weaves soft zephyrs o'er the lea;
So a gentle, loving Spirit,
Wafts its sweetness over me.

Digitized by Google

Life strains, exulting at the breach;
Long fettered, now its wings outreach:
Like captive bird, it longs to try
Its pinions on the azure sky.

The body suffers, but the Mind exalts,
And in rapt inspiration, pain defaults.

YOUTH

(Soon the river banks grow distant
And the current less insistent;
While the water's heaving motion
Tells us we are on the ocean.

From out yon night-hid, rocky height,
Beameth the lighthouse beacon bright;
Seeming to lay a path for me
Unto the wave-kissed reach of lea.

His rapt gaze, as in a dream,
Is fixed upon yon ev'ning star
That gloweth down the night afar.

Now over the tide
The deep shadows glide,
As night wings over the spray;
The still waters gleam
With the shimmering beam
Of harbor lights o'er the way.

Digitized by Google

I hear the soft knell
Of a distant bell,
Awaft from a ship afar;
Where the seamen hear
And greet with a cheer,
The lights o'er the home harbor bar.

Fair Luna slanteth o'er the west;
Unrolls upon the ocean's breast,
And o'er her gleaming carpet, spread,
The tide sweeps on with stately tread.

Zephyrus, shepherd of the waves,
Herds them to his sheltering caves;
'Neath his soft breath their fleecy spray,
Gambols along the rocky way.

Northward, Boreas frowning waits;
As hungered wolf he contemplates
The tranquil herd, and longs to clasp
The weary straggler in his grasp.)

SEXTON

Thru the murkiness of night
Sweeps a glow of spectral light:
Thru a misty veil I see
Phantom faces smile on me.
There's a form glides over there
On the light, vibrating air;

Digitized by Google

That of old I laid to sleep,
Where enpurpled myrtles creep.
She is bending o'er me now
And glad welcome wreathes her brow.
Streaming free, like threads of gold,
On the breeze her locks unfold.

Now she guides my rustic ark
Thru the meadows of the dark;
With a shining, silver strand,
Held within her slender hand.

YOUTH

(We're drifting on the open sea
Where dimly fadeth now, the lea.
A wondrous stillness, deep, profound;
Doth fall upon the waters round.

O many the sounds that we never hear;
Sounds all too faint for the untrained ear:
The opening bud sings a song its own
And the passing hour hath a monotone;
The deft fall of night hath its melody,
And the bright, waking dawn its symphony;
While the fluttering stir of the Soul's rapt flight
Is lost to our sense as Heav'n to the sight.)

I faint, O Master! while I contemplate
The awful majesty of death.

Digitized by Google

SEXTON

Not yet, O comrad! falter not!
Tho wearied with the toilsome way;
And faint of heart, thou seest the peak
Whose summit dawns upon thy view:
Or reaching forth, the goal you seek,
Seems but a step remote from you:
Fail not, it is not yet thy day.
Faint not, O comrad! only wait.
When sickness guised in error creeps
Upon thee to pollute thy flesh;
With Truth's negating power resist;
With healing thoughts thy mind refresh.
Thy soul will conquor, but persist:
Faint not, assail the upward steeps!
Faint not, O! comrad, trust and wait!

When ideal becomes the real,
And the unseen is the seen;
When the make-believe finds Truth,
And the Spirit lives serene;

Then we shall have found the state,
Wherein all perfection beams,
And the haven of desire
Be the Heaven of our dreams.

. . . . .

From wave to wave in perfect trust,
Unmindful of the tempest's gust;
Love pilots me.

Digitized by Google

The undiscovered now is found,
Its shore line girds the heavens round;
Love pilots me.
From cloud to cloud upon the air,
Unburdened forth my Soul doth fare;
Love pilots me.
Heavenward, star to star I rise,
The stepping stones to paradise;
Love pilots me.
Fulfilled, my duties now are o'er,
I'll trust my pilot evermore
And wake to view a sunlit shore;
Love pilots me.

O calm serene of dewy night
When moon and stars are glowing bright
And wind and wave ahush.

. . . . .

Release the helm, that I may roam,
With Love to light me safely home:
Good-night, dear Youth, God comfort thee!
I am restored eternally.

YOUTH

(I ease the helm and bending near,
His feeble breath I strive to hear.

A leaden chill is on his cheek;
Yet finds he strength enough to speak:
"We'll meet again!"—and then I heard
His last pray'r flutter word to word:

Digitized by Google

"O tide eternal,
Swift bear me over
To shores supernal,
Where angels hover:
Waters are dashing,
Thunders are crashing,
Lightnings are flashing
O'er abysmal dread.

You whom I cherish,
O weep not but wait!
Souls cannot perish
That God doth create.
He'll not forsake me,
But homeward take me;
Speak and awake me
And bid me to rise.

When all is over
May Thy will be done;
This homeless rover
Then faces Thy throne:
Sweet be the waking,
Heaven's dawn breaking,
Earthly dust shaking,
Forevermore."

At that last word his waiting thought
Departed to the regions sought,

Digitized by Google

And left his body pulseless, cold:
Thus passed he from my loving hold.
O how I longed the tuneful sound
Of his dear, songful voice, but found
His lips were sealed past all recall:
Then wept I long upon his pall.

. . . . .

There is a path no bird of air hath found,
Whose silver thread beyond the stars is wound.

. . . . .

Have you ever stood in the after hush
That follows the last good-bye;
When the heart grows faint with receding steps,
And the fevered eyes are dry?

While your lips yet thrill with the last long kiss,
Your thoughts follow on and on;
And the future mocks with the ling'ring glance,
Of one that is gone!—is gone!

. . . . .

Alone with death upon the sea,
And waters murm'ring mournfully.
I strew the dead leaves gently o'er him;
The quickening breeze sweeps them before him.

Bury the hopes have lived and perished,
The phantom dreams thy heart hath cherished;
Under the leaves:

Digitized by Google

Bury the pain of sad awakings,
The tears and sighs of rude heart breakings;
Under the leaves:
Bury them all where the night wind weaves
A tinted shroud of the dying leaves,
And from the tomb, where your sorrows sleep,
A new and glorious Life shall leap.

. . . . .

I leave him then, and pull for shore;
The distance 'tween grows more and more.

The moon, concealed by misty pall,
Retires behind the ocean's wall,
And darkness draws her garments tight
Around the glowing form of night:
The stars fade pallid o'er the scene:
A master wave sweeps in between—
And we that were in life so near,
Have parted now, each to his sphere.
I t'ward yon beacon on the shore;
He t'ward his Star forevermore.

As morn's refreshing wind awakes,
The stirring sea, white-crested, breaks.

Anearing now the misty shore,
I pause anon to rest my oar;
Scanning with eager, wistful eye,
The graying rim of seagirt sky.

Digitized by Google

From out the north a threat'ning cloud
Peals forth its vibrant thunder, loud.
Swift, fleeting vapors hurry on,
Before the rousing glance of dawn.

The fretting billows, tempest prest,
O'er-serf with white, befoaming crest;
High heading o'er the troughing deep,
Urged by the wind's increasing sweep.

The sea-gulls lifting on the wing,
Storm buffeted, shrill-shrieking swing;
While o'er the crash of spray doth moan
The under-surge's monotone.

Distinctly, thru the lifting night,
The cross upon the raft glows white;
Now driven by the winds caprice,
Now vanishing beneath the fleece
Of frenzied breakers' onward rush;
Then pausing in a moment's hush.

A dark, advancing ridge appears,
And reaching skyward as it nears,
Headmost it leaps above the rest,
Lifting the bier upon its crest;
Where poising for a moment brief,
The white cross glows in bold relief.
The wave then dashes grandly on:

I glance in vain—the barge is gone!

Digitized by Google

Thus do our earth-born friendships sever.

. . . . .

Backward and forward swings the sea
In wearisome monotony;
Now lovingly it laves the shore;
Now like some monster, curveth o'er.
O dark, unfathomable deep!
What mysteries forever sleep
Within your mighty confines, dark,
Where lies the lore of hapless barque!
Roll on, thou, in God-given course!
Roll on with unconquerable force!
Your glowing streets of coral red,
No mortal feet may ever tread:
Your em'rald banks and silvered caves
Are safely hidden 'neath the waves.

. . . . .

Up from the east Sol's warming ray
Begins to crimson o'er the gray,
And rears his golden shafts of day,
High o'er the banks of marbled spray.

. . . . .

As wings bright morn across the sea,
A sense of peace comes over me:
A surcease from the night's sad quest,
And wearied fancy longs for rest.
For God hath placed in each a soul
That restless longs to know its goal,
And faring on unceasingly,
O'ersweeps the great eternity.

Digitized by Google

Until such moment we must swing,
With steadfast Faith, this mortal fling:
Content to gaze on wave and sky,
Undoubting what beyond doth lie,
Inspired to cultivate the Mind
To rise above the ills that bind
Us ever to our mortal part;
Love doth emancipate the Soul.

Thou shalt waken! Thou shalt waken!
Ere the final flight is taken,
And the mystic way, revealing
Thru the pow'r of Sense and Feeling,
Lead thee True, the false forsaken;
Thou shalt waken! Thou shalt waken!

. . . . .

Man is of God, Omnipotent,
Is heir to All that Is;
The ages are his stepping-stones,
Eternity is his.

. . . . .

O'er resonating cliffs, dynamic heights,
Leap liquid harmonies whose weaving sprays
Drift misty melodies upon the air.

The sea-bird rookeries adown the cliffs,
With shrieking, flutt'ring tenants throng;
That by some unaccustomed sound disturbed,
Arise, a swarming, dark'ning cloud awing.

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The creeping wave-lines on the sands bemark
The inward sweep of ever-reaching tide;
Whose undulating lustre scintillates
Beneath the slanting sun's caressing beam.

. . . . .

With canvas swelling to the fore,
A ship stands in towards the shore,
And joyous voices chant of home.

* * * * *

One wistful, seaward glance and then
I face the busy haunts of men.

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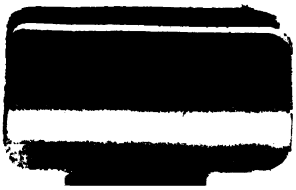

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